

THE American Girl

JUNE 1948

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THE American Girl

CONTENTS for JUNE, 1948

FICTION

Window on the Sea, Part I	Ellsworth Newcomb	5
Two on Trial	Helen B. Nicola	8
Lost Birthday	Virginia Greene Millikin	12

ARTICLES

Ylla and Her Camera	Harriet Warren	14
Merry-Go-Round	Fred J. Ostler	16
Canoeing Cues	Florence Wightman Rowland	18
Strawberry Festival (Recipes)	Florence Brobeck	20

FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

Have You Forgotten Anything?	Frances Koltun	10
Headed for Summer	Ruth Baker	17
Set for a Swim	June Beckelman	21
Vacation Specials (Patterns)		22
If You're on the Chubby Side	Kay Lang	24
Teen Shop Talk	Jonni Burke	28

FEATURES

A Penny for Your Thoughts		26
There is a Secret Place (Poem)	Elizabeth-Ellen Long	30
Speaking of Movies	Carol Crane	32
Turntable Tips	Carl Bosler	34
Our June Cover		36
Books	Marjorie Cinta	38
Crossword Puzzle	Dr. Harry Langman	40
World Camp-1948	Alethea T. Beckhard	42
Oversight (Poem)	Bert Penny	43
All Over the Map (Girl Scout News)		44
It's New!	Lawrence N. Galton	46
Jokes		48
In Step With the Times	Lloyd Welden	50

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NUMBER VI



GO 'ROUND
in this new
RUMBA BLOUSE and SKIRT

by **JOAN LORD**
fashions



Catch on fast with this pretty percale blouse that you wear on or off the shoulders! White only.

The flaring skirt has peek-a-boo bows, comes in brilliant maize, green, navy, and red broadcloth. Sizes 10-14, 10-16.



Sportswear—Look for Joan Lord blouses, skirts, shorts, pedal pushers, and slacks . . . wherever you find the things you like the most!



SHE FOUND THE WAY TO PEOPLE'S HEARTS

*The Story of
Florence Toth*

WHEN she was just a teen-ager, Florence Toth started out to broaden the old adage about "the way to a man's heart." Ever since, she has been progressing in a career in foods and restaurant operation. Today she manages the Employees' Service Restaurant at General Electric's plant in Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Florence keeps pace with her going business by watching and heeding patrons' reactions. She plans menus with care, shuns waste, and aims always to please the palates of those she serves—about 1200 daily. Customers' praise for the cafeteria and the staff's functions is praise indeed, for Florence learned early that people are outspoken when food's involved. An eager mind, willingness to learn, and a friendly personality were assets Florence used to work her way upward. Besides, she has an interest in food—at home as well as on the job. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*



Florence's father and mother came from Greece with one son. Their other three sons and three daughters were born in Bridgeport. There Florence attended Summerfield Grammar School which graduated her with honors. The same summer she graduated, she began working at a soda fountain-lunch counter.



While helping start a luncheonette, she attended night classes in typing and shorthand. Florence went to work in General Electric's Bridgeport plant in 1933. She made cord sets for electric irons. Because of her restaurant experience, she was asked to work part time in the plant cafeteria.



In 1940 Florence married a young man she had met at a dance five years before. After a term making sandwiches and waiting on table, she began a full-time cafeteria job, rose to supervisory positions in charge of personnel and service, and then acting manager.



Florence was chosen cafeteria manager in October, 1946. Her working day is crowded with orders, plans, and supervision. Off hours, she and her husband like to dance and bowl, but often she takes a busman's holiday and cooks complicated menus at home.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



"Hi, there," Phyl greeted Joan over the telephone. "Like to go to San Diego?"

Window on the Sea

by Ellsworth Newcomb

PART ONE

JOAN'S gray eyes flew open. Surely that sound was thunder! But the room was flooded with California-bright, July sunlight. Wide-awake now, she realized she had been dreaming that she was back at Annapolis. And here she was at North Island, the big Naval Air Station on the Pacific, where she had come to live more than a month ago. The flat blob of land where her father, Captain Andrews, was now a commanding officer was still a novelty, and swinging

out of bed, she ran to the window to see the planes that accounted for the roar. Red hair tumbling around her shoulders, she watched the silvery streaks drone out of sight, then laughed as the sudden, yowling blast of a destroyer made her jump.

"You'll get used to our sound effects," Phyl Jewett had said when she had taken her around the Station. The great San Diego base, with its bright-roofed, stucco buildings, its flower-set patios, hummed with activity. Phyl,

daughter of one of the admirals on the island, had been delighted to welcome another seventeen-year-old into her gay crowd.

"It's all thrilling," Joan had agreed, wide-eyed over the postcard blue of ocean, bay, and sky that, as a backdrop for palm trees, hibiscus, and lantana shrubs, made her renew her resolve to get back to the painting which was an absorbing interest.

Joan had meant it when she told her new friend that she loved living here. But she hadn't confided that, happy as she was to have her first real home with her father, she had some bad moments. Captain Andrews left the house early in the morning and there were many nights when, under the stress of his new duties, he couldn't get home for dinner. Mrs. Mills, their housekeeper, was a good-natured woman, but she kept strictly to her job and offered nothing in the way of companionship. Off by herself in the nearly empty house, Joan admitted sadly that because of things no one could help, this wasn't a bit like the home she had pictured. Phyl Jewett's full circle of mother, father, and two riotous younger brothers came close to adding up to the family Joan had daydreamed for herself as long as she could remember.

She turned away from the window with a sigh. But even though she knew that she and her father, alone, could never completely measure up to her ideal, this *was* home—not just another place to visit. Though sometimes she couldn't help envying Phyl and other friends, she had only to picture her life less than a year ago to realize how lucky she was now.

She ducked into the shower, remembering that only last October she had been in New England at her grandmother's, where she had lived ever since her mother had died. She could still feel the bleak loneliness of those years—still see the stern old woman who had brought her up. Then the miracle had happened! Her father's sister had invited her to Annapolis. She had gone reluctantly, not guessing how much the aunt who was almost a stranger would come to mean to her, nor that Sally Ambler and her midshipman brother, Bill, would make her forget her shyness and become her warm friends.

She'd gone to Academy hops and football games; she'd learned to swim and sail a boat, and to crown her happiness, her father had come back from a long tour of duty and told her she was to fly to California to make her home with him.

And here I am! thought Joan, shaking tiny stars of water out of her thick hair as she got out of the shower. Why must she keep wishing for the moon? What if she didn't have a mother and brothers and sisters? She had the most wonderful, understanding father in the world, plenty of friends—and there was Bill! Why didn't she hear from the midshipman who had paid her so much attention at Annapolis?

Every single morning since she had been at North Island, she had looked hopefully at the hall table where Mrs. Mills put the mail. But though there had been a note from her grandmother, a lovely letter from her aunt, and a long, newsy ramble from her ex-schoolmate Brooke Blaine—who was in Hollywood where, wonders of wonders, she was making her first picture—not one line had come from Bill.

Time and again Joan had pounced eagerly on a white envelope, only to feel completely deflated when the writing didn't remotely resemble the Navy football player's bold scrawl. It was small comfort to remind herself that the squadron of battle-ships, with Bill aboard one of them, had steamed out of Annapolis for Practice Cruise only a few weeks ago; and that the first days at sea were grueling ones for the Second Classmen, who had to scrub decks, wash paint, and polish metal, besides attending classes and strenuous drills.

But surely Bill might have managed a brief scribble by now. Waiting for word from him, Joan couldn't seem to settle down to anything. Even the beach party Phyl had given for her had fallen a little flat right in the middle, because she had thought:

**You asked for it and here it is—the sequel
to "An Anchor For Her Heart." Part I finds
Joan and her father at the San Diego air base**



As they strolled the sun-splashed streets, Joan realized that the big, semitropical city had an exciting beauty all its own

maybe Bill isn't going to keep his promise to write; maybe he's forgotten all about me already. The same heart-stopping thought cast its shadow now and then on all her good times. And there had been quite a lot of them, for like everything else in California, friendships seemed to grow fast and furiously, and once Phyl had introduced Joan to the crowd, she had been asked to play tennis and to swim at the Hotel Coronado which, though less handy than the Station's own pool, was the spot preferred by the Navy Juniors. Already Joan had been sailing on Glorietta Bay, and there had been movie dates and coke sessions. Yet nothing made her forget Bill's silence. Some tag end of her consciousness kept on wondering if she would hear tomorrow.

And this was another day! In a rush Joan finished dressing, and brushing her hair to coppery sleekness, tried not to hope



Illustrated by
ALAN HUGHES

too hard that the letter would be there when she went to breakfast.

Definitely I'm not going to spend my life waiting for a scrap of paper, she resolved. But she knew the words were meaningless when, once again, she saw the empty mail stand. Her throat tight with disappointment, she tried to sound cheerful as she said good morning to her father and Mrs. Mills.

"Anything wrong, infant?" Her father's crisp, Navy voice was unusually gentle, and his keen eyes were anxious under the close-cut red hair, now graying a little, that accounted for his nickname—"Red" Andrews—familiar to everyone who had followed his distinguished career as a flier.

Joan shook her head. She didn't want her father to think that she wasn't contented, for he had had grave doubts about bringing her here with him—away from the security of her grandmother's home where, though he had missed her terribly, he had felt she had more comforts than he could give her.

But as Joan had come to know during the weeks they had been together, her father had an uncanny way of guessing what was on her mind. He proved it again as he said, "Post offices are scarce at sea, you know, dear. Even if a midshipman on cruise writes every day, he does have to wait to get to port before he mails the letter, and even then it has to catch another plane or ship."

Joan flicked him a grateful look. "I'll keep that in mind, Dad," she said, and all at once her breakfast tasted much better.

"I'll be late again tonight," Captain Andrews told her. "I'm sorry, darling, but if you've had a look at Carrier Row you can guess what I'm up against."

Joan had had a glimpse of the north side of the island where the flat-tops lined up, and right now there were a lot of them. "Don't worry about me," she reassured him with a smile.

But once she was alone again her disappointment grew sharp. She dreaded a long, empty evening. She hated eating dinner alone. And what if her father were wrong? What if Bill really hadn't written? Of course he was busy. The cruises were always planned

(Continued on page 25)



Two on Trial

by HELEN B. NICOLA

Illustrated by WINFIELD HOSKINS

WENDY faced her father across the desk and wondered why he looked so troubled. His eyes, usually twinkly, were grave as he held up a letter.

"It's Rough again," Mr. Towers' voice was stern. "Another complaint. Wendy, this can't go on. He frightened the Hoopers' cook so badly last Thursday that she's going to leave."

Wendy suppressed a giggle. "Rough didn't actually *do* anything to Hilda. He ran off the terrace and snatched her purse. He only wanted to carry it, Dad."

"I suppose he was unleashed, as usual, and wouldn't come when you called him?"

Wendy couldn't deny it.

"We let you have Rough because we hoped that looking after him would develop a sense of responsibility in you, Wendy. But you haven't assumed a single obligation toward him. You let him roam over the neighborhood, steal meat from the butcher's delivery basket, and chase the MacNeals' chickens. He sleeps on the couch and hides his bones in the upholstery."

"He's only eight months old."

"Don't you realize that an undisciplined Airedale is a menace?"

Wendy polished the toe of a red loafer against the rumpled sock on her left ankle and murmured, "I'm sorry, Dad."

"But that isn't enough. We can't keep a dog that disrupts the neighborhood. I'm sorry, too, but unless you can prove to me that Rough really has turned over a new leaf, I'll have to send him back to the kennel."

"Oh!" Wendy drew in her breath. Send Rough away? Never! "Dad," she said earnestly, "we'll reform—both of us. I promise."

Mr. Towers put his arm across her shoulder. "I'm counting on you, kitten,

but you'll have to show me results pretty quickly, or Rough will have to go. Now run along and bring back my dictionary."

The dictionary? Where had she left it? She dashed out to the terrace just in time to rescue the book from Rough's moist investigations. She certainly *was* irresponsible, she thought.

Rough trotted after her into the house. In her own room, she sat on the floor and talked to her dog. "You're very handsome and I love you, but Dad thinks you're a menace."

Rough settled back on his haunches and eyed her alertly, his ears cocked forward, his whiskers bristling. He laid one paw clumsily in her lap.

Wendy hugged him. "Darling, you're to have a second chance—me, too—so it's up to me to do something about you. If I don't—"

Rough put his other paw in her lap and snuffled in the pockets of her dungarees.

"Looking for candy, aren't you?" She stood up. "What do you say?" She held a squashed peanut bar over his head.

Rough sat back, rolled his eyes imploringly, and yelped as if canine demons were nipping his tail. Then he leaped and caught the candy.

The full realization of what his loss would mean to her swept over Wendy. Maybe she didn't deserve him, because she hadn't even fed him the way the kennelman had told her to—meat and vegetables and cod-liver oil to thicken his bones. But she wouldn't let him go. It was her responsibility and she'd face it squarely. She'd make him a model dog.

She started an intensive course of training, but accomplished nothing. On Friday she went to school with a stone where her heart should have been. Then she saw Ginny Sloan and Patty Fox standing in front of the bulletin board.

"What gives?" she asked listlessly.

"The usual—athletic rally this afternoon, Girls' Club Monday," Ginny was beginning, when Wendy's attention was caught by a poster announcing that the Remsenville Woman's Club would sponsor an obedience-training class for dogs if enough people were interested.

"What do you know?" she breathed.

"It's absolutely a miracle!"

"What's a miracle?" Patty inquired.

Wendy pointed to the poster. "Remember what I told you about Rough?"

"Oh, that," Ginny said. "I think he's adorable, but my father says he's a public nuisance."

"Maybe we'd be, too, if our parents hadn't a sense of responsibility about us," Wendy told them seriously. "Ooops, there's the bell!"

Classroom work received scant attention that morning, for Wendy's mind was busy with ways and means. Rough was smart, and she was sure that if he could have obedience training there would be no more talk of sending him away. And if she could earn the tuition money herself, her father would know how much it meant to her. She'd speak to Mrs. Whitby, who was chairman of the project. Then she'd ask Dad for permission to attend the class, and beg him to be patient a while longer.

When she went to see Mrs. Whitby that afternoon her voice wobbled up and down the scale. But the older woman was understanding. She laughed and said,

"I know that radioactive Airedale of

Rough was a pup who chased chickens, stole meat from the butcher, and frightened the neighbor's cook. How could Wendy possibly make him turn over a new leaf?



Wendy sat on the floor and talked to Rough. "You're very handsome, but Dad thinks you're a menace," she scolded

yours. Line-bred dogs are often like that, especially if they're intelligent."

"Rough's smart," Wendy assured her.

"Then we'll try to do something with him. After all, the purpose of this class is to help make Remsenville dogs acceptable members of our community."

Wendy hesitated. Dared she suggest her wild idea? She gulped and blurted it out. "Can I—I mean, may I," she sputtered, "baby-sit for you in exchange for Rough's tuition, if my father is willing?"

Mrs. Whitby looked a little startled, and Wendy suddenly remembered that the Whitbys had a maid.

"Oh, dear, I forgot—" she was beginning when Mrs. Whitby said,

"I believe you could help with Ricky on Thursday afternoons."

Thursday was hockey day, and she was goalie on the sophomore team. But hadn't she promised herself to do absolutely anything for Rough? So she answered politely, "Thank you. I'll be here every Thursday at three."

Mr. Towers thought the whole idea good, and gave his permission.

"We'll never quit," Wendy assured him. "Not until we bring home a prize or a diploma, or something!"

The Field House in Carter Park sounded like the zoo at feeding time when Rough dragged Wendy in the following Wednesday night. How'll we ever learn anything in this bedlam, she was wondering when a whistle blown by a ruddy-faced man silenced the dogs.

Mrs. Whitby introduced him as Mr. Spencer, and he outlined the course. He said that the hour a week in class would be wasted unless they worked faithfully every single day at home. He emphasized that they must never reward their dogs with food. A word of praise was all right, but never, never food. After this he made them form a circle, and the first lesson in heeling began.

From that night Wendy lived and breathed dog training. She rose at six each morning to feed and exercise Rough. She hurried to school, and hurried back to do homework. She was improving her marks as a "Thank you" to Dad for giving Rough a second chance.

At first the Wednesday night obedience-training class had been very discouraging. Rough had had his own way so long that the precision work bored him. He sat when he was ordered to stand, stood when he should have sat, romped when he should have walked. But with some help from Mr. Spencer, who admitted that

(Continued on page 36)





by Frances Koltun

Drawing by BORIS GIVOTOVSKY
Photographs by William Benedict

CHECK
SQUARES



*A cool cotton
dress for travel,
dates*

1. Frothy eyelet ruffles trim Pre-Teen's full-skirted broadcloth dress. Available in young-teen sizes 10-14, it's about \$9.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Fair Store, Chicago



*Classic shorts
and a basque
shirt*

2. Joan Lord's gabardine shorts, young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$3.00. Shirt by Jase; small, medium, large, about \$1.50 at Gimbel's, Pittsburgh; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia



*A two-piece
lastex bathing
suit*

3. Gleaming satin lastex swim suit made by Handler of California, is fully lined in rayon jersey. In young-teen sizes 8-14, it's about \$8.00 at Lord & Taylor, New York City



*A full skirted
cotton sundress*

4. Wonderful striped cotton-shirting dress made by Children's House. Young-teen sizes 10-14, it's about \$11.00 at The Blum Store, Philadelphia; and Marshall Field, Chicago



*A soft blouse,
ruffled skirt*

5. Pretty partners—a piqué and eyelet blouse, about \$4.00, and a ruffled poplin skirt, about \$6.00. By Nancy Wheeling, young-teen sizes 10-14. At Jordan, Marsh, Boston



*Sturdy dungarees
and plaid shirt*

6. Rugged denim jeans complete with copper rivets, about \$3.50; gingham shirt, about \$3.00. By Millbrook, young-teen sizes 10-14, at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



*A denim play
suit, gingham
trimmed*

7. All-purpose jacket, about \$4.50; gingham shirt, about \$4.00; cuffed shorts, about \$4.00. All by Millbrook, young-teen sizes 10-14, at Arnold Constable, New York City

● **Flowers, gifts, a big party—that was the kind of birthday Bet wanted. But here she was spending it in a forlorn hatshop**

I'M BET NOYSE. I am seventeen today, and nobody in the whole round world seems to know or care.

I rolled slowly out of bed, wishing I could just sleep through the next twenty-four hours. All year I had looked forward to this birthday. Seventeen sounds almost adult—sort of the time to “put away childish things”—and Mother had said we’d have a big party. That was before she knew she’d be in Europe with Dad and I’d be staying in this mountain resort town with Aunt Tally.

I brushed my hair and watched Aunt Tally in silence. Her brown eyes looked worried—much too worried about leaving her shop, the Hatbox, in my untried hands to remember my birthday.

Shortly after her husband died she had inherited this pint-sized millinery shop and she was trying desperately to make a success of it, but she had never had any experience in the business world and she was as frightened as a mouse about the whole setup.

Yesterday when she broke off a front tooth on a piece of hard candy I had given her—worse luck for me!—she telephoned to Denver for a dental appointment. When I got home from school she met me with her nice face all puckered up in pain.

“Bet,” she lisped, because of the tooth, “tomorrow is Saturday. Will you keep the store for me?” She explained about the appointment.

I was about to say, “Oh, I can’t! Frank and I are going to Denver with the gang for the basketball game.” There are eight of us who do things together in the senior class and Frank has been my best friend since I came. After school and Saturdays he works in Meyer’s grocery, but he was taking this Saturday off especially for the game, and we had planned a fine, large day. I felt I just couldn’t give it up. In a way it would help make up for the birthday party and not being home with Mother and Dad. But Aunt Tally looked so helpless and pathetic that I heard myself saying, “Why, yes, Aunt Tal, if you think I can.”

“You can’t be any worse than I am.” For a panicky sec I thought she was going to cry. “I haven’t cleared enough to pay all my bills this month,” she added.

So after she had gone to bed with a hot-water bottle to her face, I shut myself out in the hall and telephoned Frank that I wasn’t going to Denver. He was downright angry. “You’re sure letting me down, Bet,” he said, “after I’ve asked for this Saturday off from the store and bought the tickets and everything.”

“How did I know Aunt Tally was going to break a tooth?” I snapped, because my heart was oozing right out of my heels. “Grow up, dopey.”

He hung up the receiver with a bang and I had sickening visions of his having a swell time with Janet Baker all the next day. Janet had an eye on Frank and she had never liked the attention he’d paid me ever since I came to town.

Now, as I watched Aunt Tally, I thought bitterly, “Why should I give up my birthday celebration just to keep that old hatshop open? Who’ll miss it if it’s closed?” As I slid into my jersey suit I actually started to say, “I’m sorry, Aunt Tally, but I have a date with Frank that I really can’t give up today,” when her eyes met mine in the mirror. She smiled a sort of weak, watery smile.

“I’m pretty desperate about the shop,” she said. “Maybe a young, attractive saleswoman will change my luck.”

“You’re attractive yourself, you know,” I answered truthfully.

But her mind was not to be diverted from the shop. “If you can sell that black-and-green monstrosity in the window,” she went on, “I’ll feel forever grateful. Why wholesalers insist on selling spring hats in the middle of winter I can’t understand.”

“It’s February,” I pointed out, but even that didn’t make her think of my birthday.

At breakfast I said, “Don’t worry, Aunt Tally. ‘I’ll do the best I can, and everything will be all right.’” I saw her choke on her coffee and set the cup down with a shaking hand. More to make talk than because I was interested I went on, “Why did you ever try to run the shop?”

“I need the money, and I need something to do, child,” she said with a crooked grin. “I—I’d hate to give it up.”

“Did Miss Berry make a living at it?” I asked, my mind persisting in seeing Janet and Frank sitting together in the interurban car, heading toward Denver. I kept seeing that straight lock of dark hair that always stands straight up where his cowlick is, and his gray-brown eyes looking at Janet instead of me.

“She’d had it for twenty years and her old customers stood by her,” Aunt Tally answered, “but she had let it run down. Why she wanted me to have it is beyond me.”

“Mom says you used to stay with her nights when she had those nervous spells,” I reminded her.

She made a little deprecatory sound, then screwed up her face in pain. “Drat that tooth!” she mumbled. “It hurts.”

When we were ready to start she looked me over, from the kinks of my brown curls that won’t stay put, to my feet that never want to be still, and said, “You look smart. If any customers *should* come in to the shop, you’ll be the most attractive thing there.”

“Flatterer!” I managed a smile as we walked to the gate together. I waved good-bye as she boarded the interurban and then I turned in the direction of the Hatbox. I had to pass Frank’s house. I felt as if I were treading on my heart at every step.

(Continued on page 39)

Illustrated by SYLVIA HAGGANDER



Lost Birthday

by VIRGINIA GREENE MILLIKIN



Ever so skimpily, I touched each petal with the green paint. The effect was stupendous!

Ylla and Her Camera

by **HARRIET WARREN**



Ylla

Beast, bird, or fish—they're all in the day's work for this young lady photographer! Note the simplicity of such an effective picture

IF you look closely you'll see that all the pictures on these pages carry the credit line of "Ylla"—a very attractive young photographer who also answers to the name of Miss Koffler. And if you ask why there are no people in these pictures, the answer is that beast-bird-and-fish photography is Ylla's business. She doesn't bother with glamour girls.

Generally speaking, Ylla's work falls into two categories. First, there are the streams of pets who are brought to sit before her camera by loving masters and mistresses. And second are the pictures she takes on a free-lance basis at zoos and cir-

cuses and on farms. You can see the expert results in the pages of magazines and newspapers and on the walls of shops and homes all over America. Full of life, character, and meaning, they are hailed by critics as some of the finest photographs of animals ever taken.

Ylla was born in Vienna and spent her childhood in Hungary, Austria, Yugoslavia, and Rumania. As the Koffler family lived mostly in city hotels, the brown-eyed little girl never had any pets of her own, but she feels she has made up for that lack since then. Anyway, traveling was fun and there were

"If you want to take successful snapshots of your pet, have plenty of film and patience," Ylla advises. A favorite toy also will help

Ylla



Ylla

Before he went off to the wars, a soldier asked Ylla to take this photo of his colt



Ylla

Everybody loves photos like this, stressing the human qualities of animals. These orangutans happen to live in the Philadelphia zoo

"Rosemarie," the subject of this unusual picture, belongs to a little French girl



Ylla



Ylla

"Time to retire!" says Mr. Pup. This is one of Ylla's very first animal photos

always school and swimming (still Ylla's favorite sport) and exciting summer canoe trips to keep life interesting. When she was eighteen she headed for Paris, where for several years she studied sculpture seriously. Photography was a side line in those days.

Then, during a dull summer vacation in Normandy, Ylla casually got out her camera and took a series of snapshots of farm animals which turned out to be so artistic and unusual that her friends raved. And back in Paris that fall the pictures caused more enthusiastic comment—so much that Mademoiselle Ylla, photographer of animals and all pets, finally hung out her shingle at 37, Rue Desrenaudes and soon had a list of customers that ranged from pandas to penguins, dogs to dromedaries, and back again to turtles and tarpons. Newspapers, fashion magazines, and advertisers from all over the Continent and England knocked at her door, too, and over half a dozen books filled with her pictures were published.

The night before the Nazis arrived in Paris, Ylla escaped, carrying her very best camera and a suitcase full of precious negatives. Eventually, by way of French Martinique, she arrived in New York City and opened a simple studio in a tall building that overlooks Central Park. Her first American as-

signment was to take "Susie," Mrs. Harry Hopkins' brown poodle, in a series of fashion photographs for "Harper's Bazaar." The pictures, illustrating the latest thing in shoe styles, bore out her international reputation, and ever since there hasn't been a dull moment for Ylla in this animal-loving country. She feels that Americans—well-fed, sentimental, and always ready for a laugh—are an ideal public for her. They love the human qualities in her animal pictures. Her shy kittens, wistful pandas, arrogant swans, and motherly cows entertain them most when they resemble people.

Of course Ylla's profession has certain occupational hazards. "In the past few years I have been chased by a cross stag, bitten in the leg by a panda, and jumped on by a gibbon, which startled me so that I dropped my camera and it took a week to have it fixed up again," she says in her low, pleasant voice. "But that's all part of the game, and I really enjoy my work. Whenever I feel depressed I take my camera and head for the zoo, and practically always get cheered right up—especially by the chimps, who aren't in the least camera-shy and really seem to enjoy clowning for me."

Some animals, Ylla reminds us, are camera-shy, and once

(Continued on page 46)

EVERYBODY loves a merry-go-round. No carnival or country fair or amusement park is complete without those bright-colored horses prancing under that unmistakable canopy. But as young and old settle themselves in the saddles and wait for the colorful music to start, probably few realize that this merry-go-round—or carrousel, as it was first called—is perhaps the most ancient of all amusement devices.

One of the oldest rides in the park, this is still the favorite!



Culver Service

Merry-Go-Round

by **FRED J. OSTLER**

But where did it come from? Who were its first riders?

A veil of mystery conceals the exact date of this invention, but it seems probable that the first one was built by the Romans. You can see the evidence—a miniature bronze carrousel—in the Roman Sculpture Court of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. But it is really to a beautiful lady, a unique festival, and a kindly toymaker that we owe the carrousel as we know it today.

In the year 1662, Louise de La Vallière was the favorite of King Louis XIV of France. In her honor he planned a magnificent tournament. After months of elaborate and staggeringly expensive preparation, the celebration was held in that square of Paris known to this day as the Place du Carrousel.

As a contest, the games were more frivolous than warlike. The day existed for feasting, for music, for romance. As a climax to the merriment the knights of the court took to horse, and armed with clay balls, or *carrocellos*, gleefully pelted one another in mock warfare.

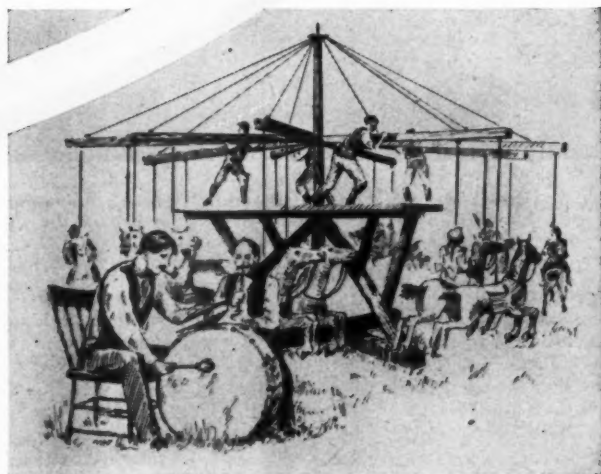
As a finale, new balls were put into play and others tossed to the lovely ladies on the side lines. At the first touch they broke—some were filled with perfume, and others loosed a shower of confetti. The court was surprised and delighted! And in this swirling aura of sweetness the curtain fell on the most fantastic tournament in the history of France.

Thus the carrousel, as this amusement on horseback came to be called, was born. Its popularity mounted until during the eighteenth century it was the most fashionable form of royal entertainment.

The plain people of France were forbidden even to see these games, but the gossip of the court one day reached the ears of an old toymaker in Paris. The news kindled a light in the old man's heart. His shop was crowded with the work of his busy hands: wooden dogs, wooden cats, and wooden horses. Why not make a toy model of King Louis' famous carrousel?

A few days later the neighboring children shouted with glee to discover outside the toymaker's shop three of his finest wooden horses nailed to a circular wooden platform. Happily the children clambered on the slippery steeds—and lo! the first toy carrousel was born!

Swifter than the fame of Louis' carrousel had spread through the royal courts did the news of the toy carrousel speed into the hearts of the children. They swarmed about the toymaker's shop. Because they all wanted to ride, more horses were added, wheels were put under the platform, and the entire structure pushed around by the neighbors. As its popularity soared, a



From an old drawing

Hand-carved horses mark this early American merry-go-round which people flocked to ride. It took four men to make it go

live horse was used to rotate the carrousel. Later a drummer and clarinet player provided lively music, and the carrousel became the delight of children on every public holiday.

The fame of this simple but enchanting device moved across town, village, and border until the wooden horses of the carrousel had galloped through France and Italy, Germany and England.

In Italy and in England the music of the hand organ was added to the spinning horses of the carrousel. And as it whirled

(Continued on page 47)

Headed for Summer

by **RUTH BAKER**

Drawings by **FRED IRVIN**

YOU'RE flooding us with questions about hairdos these days! "What's new?" you write. "What's coolest, easiest, prettiest?" . . . To give you really expert answers, we passed along your questions to three leading New York hair designers who came up with the flattering styles pictured here. . . . Note their simplicity and, above all, note their shorter, sleeker lines. For the cascading long bob is as out as last year's silhouette. . . . To solve your own hairdo problem, pick the one best suited to your face, your build, and hair type, *not* to those of the girl next door. Remember that skillful cutting is the only proper basis for any new hair style—and that thereafter it's your own careful shampooing and faithful brushing that will keep it shining and attractive.

If your hair has springiness and is easy to wave, this new "little cap" hairdo may be for you. Soft and casual, it's the creation of Michel at Helena Rubenstein



In the movie "Joan of Arc" you'll see Ingrid Bergman in a medieval hairdo. In the sketch above see how Victor Vito adapts the historic style for the straight-haired young modern!



This cool design for you with curly hair and an oval or long face is suggested by Mr. Paul at Charles of the Ritz. Hair is brushed from the center so that feather curls frame the face



Irvin



A single braid, twisted into a figure 8 and pinned high off the neck, is a lovely summer arrangement for a girl with classic features and long hair. It was planned by Victor Vito

Canoeing Cues

by FLORENCE WIGHTMAN ROWLAND



Kennedy Photo Service

Hold your paddle firmly, but not too tightly, the upper hand cupping the knob end. Expert paddling instruction is important

SO you're going to camp next month! The catalogue lists canoeing as a daily activity for expert swimmers, and you imagine yourself exploring quiet inlets or shooting white rapids on some overnight excursion. Or perhaps you're going to the seashore with the family, and you know that there are canoes on the waterfront there. You dream of pitting your skill against the breakers.

Before the summer's gone perhaps your dream will come true, but first—if you're new to canoeing—there's a lot to learn. For this is a sport to be approached with respect and caution, and the canoe a craft that's exactly as safe as its crew is intelligent and skilled.

The canoes we use today are descendants of those made by the American Indians, who found them a practical means of traveling their waterways. Skillfully shaped over a light framework, birchbark was sewn together with pliant roots and waterproofed with tree gum to make the body of the boat. Light in weight, each canoe could move swiftly and silently, carrying several braves at once. The white men who explored our rivers, lakes, and coasts, and developed our continent, adopted the red men's craft as a mode of travel, but they came to substitute canvas for bark, or to make

all-wood craft, and their canoes were much like those we use today.

Let's go down to the dock and see for ourselves the various types available, and perhaps, if the wind is fair, go out for an introductory paddle. But wait a minute! Before we go a step further, here are a few important questions.

First, are you a good swimmer, experienced in deep water? No one who answers no to this has any business around a canoe—even as a passenger. Second, do you know that you must not stand up in a canoe under any circumstances? And third, have you learned that if this craft capsizes the rule is "stick to your ship"? A wooden or canvas-covered canoe is an excellent life preserver, and will support the number of people it was designed to carry, even when it is filled with water. If you cannot right your canoe, cling to it until help comes or it drifts to shore, or ride it astraddle.

Now that you've mastered these rules, we're ready to examine the canoes. You will notice that they range in size. That one farthest over is a twenty-man, thirty-five foot craft, weighing around two hundred pounds. This one is a twelve-foot canoe—a one-man affair of only fifty pounds. Here is a shining, lightweight, aluminum model. There is a



Paul Parker

Check your canoe regularly for snags, and patch them carefully. Good care will mean good service

heavy, "sponson" canoe rigged with air chambers. Of the six canoes here, only one is made entirely of wood. It is the canvas-covered craft that is most popular because of its easy handling and speed.

The beginner should select a canoe that is safe, for it requires time and practice to gain a sense of balance in relation to a canoe. That won't be the "sponson," for though its air chambers are supposed to prevent capsizing, they often fail to do so, and merely give the paddler a false sense of security. Furthermore, their added weight makes this canoe clumsy to maneuver.

Instead, let's choose this sixteen-footer for our first trip. It's a good type of canoe, for you will notice that it is wide across the bottom. The tippy ones are rather deep and round, with no more stability than a barrel. But this flatter craft draws little water, so it will glide along as effortlessly as a duck.

Look inside to see just how it is put together. The flooring is constructed of narrow ribs, making the canoe frailer than other boats; but by using reasonable care, and always wearing sneakers or light footwear in it, it should give good service for many years.

Those bars across the interior are wooden braces, or thwarts, which keep the canoe from spreading out of shape. The average canoe has three—one in the stern; a forward, or bow, thwart; and a middle brace. In some canoes, seats



The Milwaukee Sentinel

"Shaking" a swamped canoe is a useful knack, and well worth practicing in shallow water



Photographic Arts

Lift (don't drag!) a canoe. These two girls, gripping the gunwales amidships, show good launching technique

take the place of thwarts in the bow and stern. And to give more storage space, the middle thwart is often attached with thumbscrews, for easy removal.

This canoe was chosen for your first canoe adventure because it has a keel. The keel—that narrow timber extending from bow to stern on the bottom—protects your craft while beaching her, or from underwater stones. Even though the keel makes your canoe a little harder to turn, in rough water it will help you to hold her course—an important item when waves run high.

BEFORE selecting a canoe for a trip, check it thoroughly for leakage cracks. Turn it over to see if there are any snags in the canvas covering. If so, take the time to mend them. And even if you are quite sure your craft is shipshape, carry a bailer with you.

Now for a paddle. Let us go to the rack and try to find just the right one for you. Spruce paddles are preferred because of their lightness in weight—a guard against tiring. Here is one that's about your size. Place the end of the blade on the ground. The top of the handle comes to your eyes, so it is exactly the paddle you should choose for ease in stroking.

Notice how straight grained the wood is, and that the shaft is not too slender. These features mean that this blade is sturdy and will not splinter under ordinary conditions. Check to see if it holds its size well into the throat, where most breaks occur. If your trip is to be on a river where the bottom is apt to be stony, a paddle of maple or white ash would be a better selection, for they are much stronger and will not chip off if

struck sharply against a hidden stone.

Incidentally, whenever you go canoeing remember to take along an extra paddle. It is easy to lose one in a moment of excitement or danger, and your forethought will save an otherwise awkward and even critical situation. Slip the extra one down in the end of the canoe, under a thwart, so that it won't get away and will be easy to reach for in case of need.

While we are still on the dock, let me show you a little about handling your paddle. Hold it firmly, but not too tightly. The upper hand cups the upper end of the shaft—the knob end; the lower hand grasps the shaft just above the spot where the blade meets it.

Most beginners reach too far ahead for their water, so don't make that mistake, too. Most of your strength should be exerted as the left wrist passes the left hip, if you are paddling on your left.

It might be well to point out here that some canoeists use seats while paddling, but most experts remove the seats and paddle Indian style—kneeling on a cork or rubber mat and leaning against a thwart for support. This lowered position allows for a deeper paddle stroke and gives more stability to a canoe, making it less top-heavy, and decreasing chances of capsizing. In many places the removal of the seats is a compulsory safety measure.

Now let us put our canoe into the water. Always have someone help you, for you must never, never drag a canoe by one end—always lift it off the ground. For the actual launching from a dock or

beach it is wise to have one person on either side, in the middle (or amidships), gripping the gunwales, or top edges, from the inside—hands well apart. When carried in this manner, the canoe may be lowered into the water, and eased out by both persons, passing it along hand-over-hand until it is afloat. The canoe is usually launched stern first until it is as nearly afloat as possible, the paddles and kneeling pads having been stowed in the bottom beforehand. The stern paddler steps aboard. She moves in the exact center of the canoe, keeping the weight of the body as low as possible and holding both gunwales so that her weight is evenly distributed. Not until she has walked the length of the canoe and eased herself into paddling position does the bow paddler step aboard. She moves somewhat back of her paddling position, so that the bow of the craft is afloat, and then takes position.

NOW that we are safely embarked, let me show you some of the easier strokes. If you can learn to do these correctly, you will be able to control the canoe under ordinary conditions. Later on, you might ask your instructor to help you with the more intricate strokes, such as the cross-bow draw, the push-over stroke, and sculling.

The straight-ahead, or J, stroke is rhythmic. The bowman continuously dips her paddle into the water on one side of the canoe, and the stern paddler on the other. It is smoother going if both

(Continued on page 31)

Strawberry Festival

by FLORENCE BROBECK

IN a world-wide contest for the most popular berry, probably the strawberry would come out as First Prize winner. For this delicious, beautiful fruit is loved in the many countries of the world where its leafy, low-growing plant is found.

The small, sweet, very juicy, wild strawberry of rural France is the favorite in that land, while England grows huge strawberries, some as big as demitasse cups. These are sold four or five in a basket, or wrapped in grape leaves, on the streets of London during June. Londoners buy them and eat them out of hand, or make them into strawberry tarts for a special teatime treat in early summer.

In America we find small, sweet, wild strawberries on country produce stands, and plump, super red, cultivated ones in our city markets. Hulled and served whole, either variety makes a simple but attractive dessert; or just chill the berries and serve—stems and all—letting the diners dip each berry in confectioners' sugar. But it's real old-fashioned strawberry shortcake which probably tops our national list of summertime desserts.

The real old-fashioned version of shortcake is made with baking-powder biscuit dough. You can use your favorite ready-mix biscuit dough, or make your own by this recipe:

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 cups sifted cake flour	4 tablespoons
2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder	margarine
1/2 teaspoon salt	3/4 cup milk
	Extra margarine or butter

Preheat the oven at hot (450°) as you go about your mixing.

Sift the flour once, measure it; add the baking powder and salt and sift again. Cut the margarine into the flour mixture, using two knives crisscrossing each other, till you have mixed the margarine and flour together in a fine, mealy texture. Add all the milk and stir carefully until all the flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until the mixture forms a soft dough and follows the spoon around the bowl.

Turn the dough out on a breadboard on which you have sprinkled a little flour. Fold the dough over on itself, knead it with your fist for about 30 seconds. Then,

with a floured rolling pin, roll it out lightly to 1/2" thickness.

Cut with a floured, 2" round cutter. Lay the biscuits on an ungreased baking sheet and bake 12 to 15 minutes. This makes 12 small biscuits. The dough may also be baked in an 8" piepan.

If you have used a cutter, break each light, high biscuit open, lay the bottom half on a dessert plate and spread the biscuit with melted butter or margarine. Just before serving, cover it with berries, then top with the other half of the biscuit. Put more berries on the top and serve with a pitcher of cream—or put a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each shortcake.

If you have used a large, round pan, split your shortcake in half, between top and bottom, and arrange on a serving plate in one big shortcake—or cut in pie-shape pieces and serve individually, just as with round biscuits.

To prepare the berries: wash them clean by placing them in a colander and letting a gentle flow of water from the cold faucet run over them, turning the colander so that each berry is washed.

(Continued on page 36)

MORE RECIPES

Send for your seventh AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File today! More recipes for serving summer berries and fruits—that's what you'll find in this loose-leaf illustrated folder. It's one of the series that you'll want to bind together for your very own AMERICAN GIRL Cookbook. First, second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth folders are still available, so bring your collection up to date now.

Send us 6c in stamps for each folder you want, and don't forget to enclose a large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for every two folders you order. Please use the handy coupon on page 37.

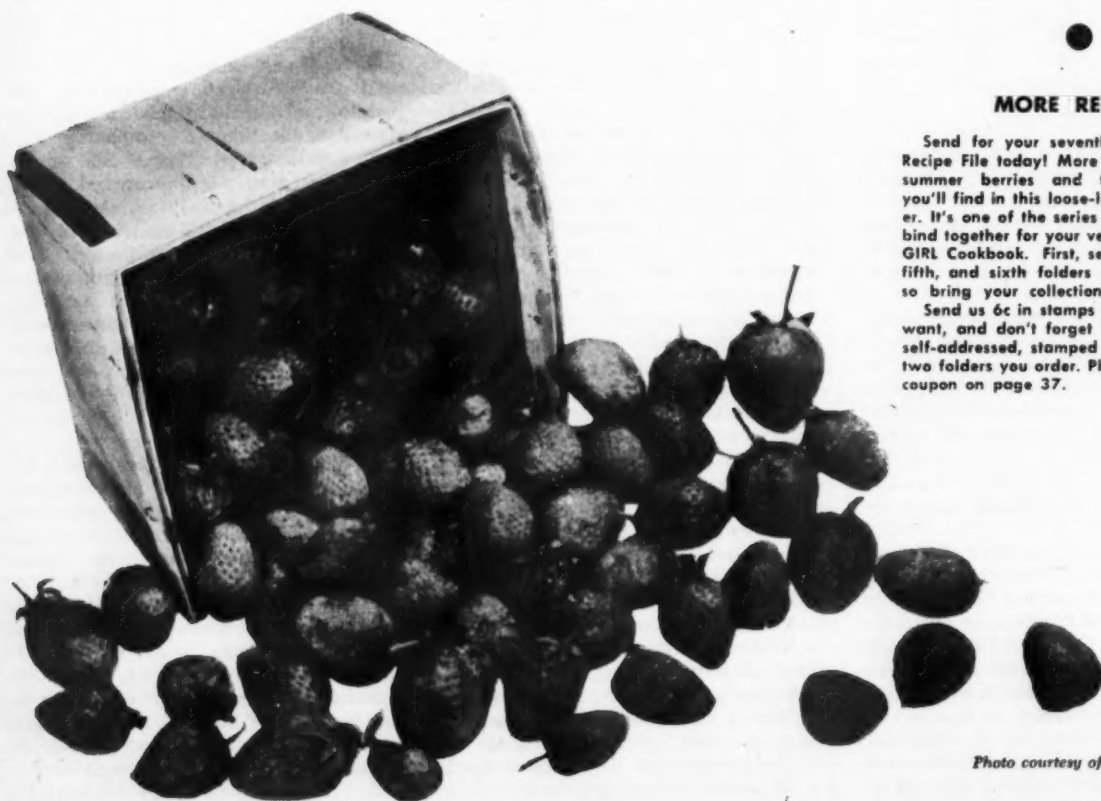


Photo courtesy of General Foods

Set for a *Swim*



by JUNE BECKELMAN

You'll be set for a good sun tan, too, in either of these elasticized cotton suits by Cole of California. The two-piece plaid comes in sizes 12-16; the checked gingham in sizes small, medium, and large. Each is about \$8.00 at The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.

4696



4599



4599: Designed especially for teenagers, this date dress has smart ruffle interest with button accents, and cool cap sleeves. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch material

4630: Ideal for vacation days is this sundress, with its brief bolero to slip on for dress-up occasions. Sizes 11-17. For size 13 you will need $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35-inch fabric for the dress and bolero

Vacation Specials

4696: Wide neck, gay bows, and yoke of crisp eyelet insert make this a perfect dress for summer. Sizes 11-17. In size 13 you'll need 4 yards of 35-inch fabric

4639



4989



4989: The shorts of this bathing suit are the wrap-tie style, and the pattern also includes a skirt and bolero outfit, not illustrated. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric for bra and shorts

4835: A three-piece playsuit that's tops for smartness: bra with angel-wing sleeves, full shorts, and wide skirt with tricky pockets. Teen sizes 10-16. Size 12 requires 2 yards 35-inch material for bra and shorts

4793: A versatile pattern, this. Make it as a beachcoat, a raincoat, or in wool for fall—in long, three-quarter, or shortie style. Sizes 10-18. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material for style shown

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 49.

Each pattern 25c

4835



4793



If You're on the Chubby Side

You can buy these chubby fashions at Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Lane Bryant, New York City

by KAY LANG

Drawings by JUNE STEINGART



1.

1. Beat the heat in a one-piece striped and solid-color chambray playsuit with full matching skirt! Two-piece set about \$9.00



2.

2. Perfect for play—this cool, sleeveless chambray sundress. It has a square neck, low back, and dust-ruffled skirt. About \$6.00



4.

4. For active sports, wear these classic cotton-gabardine shorts, about \$4.00, with a neatly-tailored broadcloth shirt, about \$3.00



3.

3. Go square-dancing in an off-the-shoulder cotton blouse, about \$4.00, and full flared skirt with matching embroidery, about \$6.00



5.

5. Dress up in a soft, cap-sleeved chambray dress with eyelet-embroidered bodice and pretty, ruffled square neck. About \$9.00

You'll welcome this new collection of vacation clothes designed with your special figure problems in mind. By Chubbette in sizes 10½-16½

Window on the Sea

(Continued from page 7)

so that the football squad was together on the same battleship, and they practiced in their scant spare time. But when they were in port there were dances aboard ship. Maybe Bill had met someone who had made him forget Joan Andrews and the fun they had had together at Annapolis.

Stop it, she told herself crossly. This business of marking time had to end. What had become of her enthusiasm for going to art school; her ambitions; her dreams of being an artist? It was high time she did something about it. She got out her paints and, as she had done several times before since she had been at North Island, began a sketch. But a few minutes afterward she crumpled the paper into a tight wad and threw it at the wastebasket. She sat staring at the mocking blankness of the white paper, trying to talk herself into another effort when the loud jangle of the telephone startled her.

"It's for you," Mrs. Mills called, silencing the vacuum cleaner she had left purring.

Reluctantly Joan got up. Usually she welcomed phone calls, but this morning she didn't feel like talking to anyone.

"Hi, there," Phyl Jewett's voice greeted her. "Buzz Williams is down from her ranch and wants to go prowling. How's about going to San Diego with us?"

JOAN hesitated. Right this minute she didn't want to go anywhere. But as Phyl had pointed out before, she certainly couldn't turn hermit just because a certain midshipman happened to be several thousand miles away. With her father out until late, the day stretched endlessly before her. "Hey," Phyl broke the long silence. "Did you die or something? I can't hear a word you're saying."

Joan emerged from her unhappy trance to argue for a minute, but Phyl, who had inherited her father's purposeful drive, finally won. By the time she tootled her horn outside, Joan had exchanged shorts and shirt for a yellow sport dress and was ready to join her two friends.

"Well!" Phyl's blue eyes smiled under dark, silky bangs. "I'm glad you decided to come with us. You can't just sit there growing gray till you hear from Bill."

"What's this heart throb of yours like?" Buzz wanted to know.

Joan felt herself blush, but it was no hardship to talk about Bill as they headed for the ferry that linked Coronado and North Island to the mainland.

"Sounds as if he came straight off a Christmas tree," Buzz commented.

"You forgot to mention he has shoulders from here to there," Phyl laughed, "and wings in his head."

"Oh, yes," Joan agreed. "He's going to be a flier."

They were aboard the pompous little boat now, and Joan stared at a scene which never failed to thrill her. Destroyers going out for firing practice, cruisers, and submarines were everywhere; and from overhead came the constant hum of airplanes. Her breath caught just as it had at her first close-up of the bay, with its huge fleet spread out over the shining water and even reaching its wings into the sky.

"It sends shivers down my back," she said.

(Continued on page 30)

bask in the sun...

Sun worshipper...

absorb all you can in this gay sun-bath dress, trimmed with crisp, white waffle pique. Don the brief, neat, Mandarin style waffle pique Bolero Jacket when it's time for capering around town or just covering up those bare shoulders. Sizes 9 to 17 for Juniors; 10 to 18 for Misses. In Quality woven gingham plaid... Blue, Green, Red, Gray, Yellow.

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THOUGHTS

Orchids for April

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA: I really appreciated *Somebody Else, Not Me*, for no other story has told so clearly how "wallflowers" can be helped. I know that all these miserable ones can be helped, and hope they read it.

My hobbies are stamp collecting and rabbit raising, both being most expensive. To reduce costs, I have started a small stamp business, and now have eleven customers.

As for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, I think it is swell. Perhaps you could include some articles on the feeding and care of rabbits. I eagerly await the next installment of *Beany Malone*, and can hardly take my mind off it.

POLLY SPESSARD

DETROIT 21, MICHIGAN: I haven't been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for very long, but by all means I think it's a super magazine!

The best things are the stories and fashions. *Beany Malone* is my favorite. In the April issue I enjoyed *Somebody Else, Not Me*, and *Women of the Press*, which helped me because I plan to be a reporter. The fashions are tops! You show all kinds, pre-teens, chubbettes, and lots of others. I disagree very much with Babs Andrews. Keep on putting in more fashions.

AURELIA TATOR

SAINT EDWARD, NEBRASKA: I am a curved Bar Scout and your magazine has helped me out many times in my Scout work.

I think your styles are wonderful! I, like Babs Andrews, would like an article on some new and different hairdos. I also think your covers are wonderful.

I like your stories very much. I especially liked *The Legacy of Canyon John* in the April issue and I am very eager to find out how *Beany Malone* is going to come out.

CATHERINE HASSELBALCH

We must have read your mind. See page 17. The Editors.

NORTH COLLINS, NEW YORK: When I received your April issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I sat down to a long period of relaxation and enjoyment.

The best story in my opinion was *Somebody Else, Not Me*. It showed me that a person can overcome self-consciousness if she tries.

Make-Over Magic also gave me loads of new ideas to wake up my wardrobe for spring. The lengthening tricks were especially helpful as I have had quite a problem with short skirts.

I am fourteen years old and a sophomore in North Collins high school.

JANE AUDREY LIETZ

More Quizzes

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA: I certainly agree with Patricia Ray about having more of those tests, not only beauty quizzes, but how about popularity too?

I'm thirteen and I especially enjoy reading the articles on careers. Your article in the April issue, *Women of the Press*, was swell.

CAROL MCKENNA

Musical

POTLATCH, IDAHO: I want to tell you how much I enjoy the serial *Beany Malone*. I look forward to it every month.

I would like it very much if you would include in one of your issues an article or story about music—especially piano. I am very interested in piano. I have composed everything from boogie-woogie to waltzes. I also compose songs.

Both my mother and I enjoy your fashions.

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL

Aviation

WASHINGTON, D. C.: I have been getting *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and I think it's super. I belong to Troop 6. Just recently the whole troop subscribed to the magazine. You should hear these girls rave about it.

I simply adored *Clipped Wings*, especially since I am interested in aviation. *Beany Malone* is swell, I can hardly wait to see how it ends. I like Pat Downing too. What happened to Bobo? In the two years I have taken this magazine Bobo has only been in once.

I can understand how Juanita Speirs feels about having an ambition that not many girls have. When the girls at school heard that I wanted to fly an airplane when I got older, they almost fell over. I envy Babs Andrews taking flying lessons. When I am old enough I am going to become a Wing Scout.

HELEN DI JOSEPH

Model—All Sizes

GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for about a year now and I think the magazine is just super wonderful.

I am ten years old and in the fifth grade. I am bent on becoming a model when I get bigger. I used to model clothes when I was smaller.

I am a Girl Scout and now am working on my Dancer badge.

I have noticed that you put out articles on careers. How about one on becoming a model?

JACQUELINE PAUL

Fashion Designer

YEADON, PENNSYLVANIA: I think your fashions and patterns are simply adorable. They fascinate me, as fashion designing has long been my hobby.

I am also very interested in articles on good looks, hairdos, make-up, etc.

I am fourteen years old and a freshman at Bell Avenue Junior High School.

JOAN MURRAY

Readers Outside the Country

CADOXTON, SOUTH WALES: I have just finished reading the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* which was sent to me by an American pen friend, and I would like to say how much I have enjoyed it. It is not only I who has enjoyed your magazine, but nearly all the girls who attend the same school as myself. It has been passed around and the majority of girls say they liked *The Suit With the Ladylike Air* the best, as it gives them all an idea of what teen-agers in America are wearing, and we are certainly green with envy.

I must close now, and on behalf of my friends and myself, thank you for one of the most interesting magazines we have read.

MAUREEN HALEY

INNERMERE, CANADA: I am thirteen years old and in grade nine at school. I am a Second Class Girl Guide and I enjoy reading about the Girl Scouts and their activities, as they are quite similar to the Girl Guides.

The stories I liked most in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* were about Pat Downing and Bobo, and I have liked all the serials.

The other stories are very good too. I like the covers, especially when they have animals on them. My favorite articles are the ones on cooking and on sports.

CHRISTINE WEIR

BROMLEY, ENGLAND: I am seventeen years old, and I have had *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for over a year now. I share it with my friends, and we all agree that it is the perfect magazine for teen-agers. There is something in it to suit everybody. I particularly like the stories by Frances Fitzpatrick Wright, and I can't wait for the next part of *Beany Malone*. I admire the fashions very much, and I have had a dress made from one which I saw in your magazine.

Thanks for *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, it is a smashing book, and every issue is better than the last.

AUDREY MITCHELL

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN: I am a junior in the Yokohama American High School. I just

discovered your magazine (November issue) in our school library today and I wished to tell you how much I enjoyed it. The article that appealed to me the most was *I Live On Okinawa*.

We have about 140 students attending our school which is situated "on the bluff." They are from all over the United States and Hawaii, Alaska, and Brazil. Of course, I root for Oakland, California, which is my home town.

For entertainment here we go to the Neet Nac Can Teen which is our teen club. We have a bowling alley which just opened this week, ice skating in Tokyo, and of course, movies.

There are three American high schools in Japan, in Tokyo, Yokohama, and Kyoto. We played Kyoto (basketball) and won 99-22. We had a football team, and now we have two basketball teams "A" and "B." The "A" team has just lost three times. The "B" team has an unbeaten record, it hasn't won one game so far.

I am sixteen.

DIANE McDONALD

We're A Help

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL four months. I think it is the best magazine for girls. Also I like all the fashions in it and I would be lost if the jokes were discontinued. I am a Girl Scout and the recipes in THE AMERICAN GIRL helped me to pass the tests for the Hostess badge.

MONA LOU WYATT

Career in Radio

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS: I have just finished the April issue and I thought the story *Somebody Else, Not Me* was wonderful. I also think that your covers are very smart and attractive.

I am thirteen years old and I am a Girl Scout in Troop 29. As I would like to make radio my career, could we have a story or article on it?

DEE MULROY

"Wired for Sound," March, 1947, "One-World Corwin," September, 1946, and articles by Claire Anderley in January, March, April, May, July, and September, 1946 give a good deal of the information you want. Look them up in your back issues. The Editors.

New Subscriber

PADUCAH, KENTUCKY: I have just received my first copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I think it is wonderful! Although I am not a Girl Scout, I enjoyed reading every article in it. I especially liked *Very Special Delivery* and *Clipped Wings*. In *Step With the Times* is very interesting and helpful in many ways. Please do not discontinue it.

I liked the patterns and fashions very much. Your book reviews are wonderful in helping one choose a book that is worth reading. To sum up everything, THE AMERICAN GIRL is the finest magazine I have ever read.

I am seventeen years old and am a junior at Tilghman High School.

JORETTA JETT

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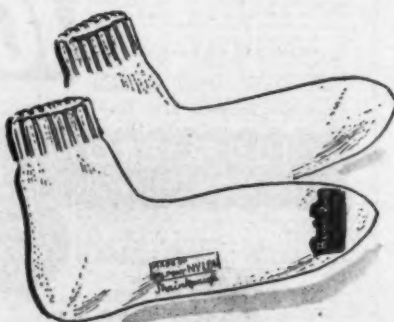


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Drawings by LISL WEIL



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Window on the Sea

(Continued from page 25)

"Me, too." Buzz nodded. "But where do we eat? I'm beginning to feel undernourished."

They wrangled over possibilities as they drove through San Diego, where sailors and civilians strolled the sun-splashed streets, and even the traffic seemed leisurely. Cream-and-white buildings climbed into the hills in one direction, while in the other, Phyl pointed out the fishing fleet, with its huge tuna clippers, riding at anchor in the bay. Compared to the East Joan knew, the semi-tropical city looked big and dazzling, and though she felt she could never love it as she did the tidy New England towns or old Annapolis drowsing on the Severn, it had an exciting beauty of its own.

"Joan ought to see Balboa Park," Buzz suggested. "Why not eat there and then go to the zoo?"

That settled the argument and they were soon wandering among the Spanish and Moorish buildings of the great park. But before Joan had seen half enough, she and Phyl had to agree that it was time to eat something.

"Jeepers!" Joan exclaimed when they had lunched and moved on to the zoo. They were in the middle of what looked like an honest-to-goodness jungle, where only a few yards away a lion stood, lashing his tail, with no sign of a fence around him. "Has—he escaped?" she asked a little shakily.

The other girls laughed at her alarm.

Then Phyl explained that the zoo, which is famous the world over, was planned with cageless type quarters for the wild animals, but that carefully concealed barriers were there all the same. Joan's amazement increased as they paid calls on giraffes and elephants in a natural setting that had been

her painting. The world was filled with beauty and color. If only she could get some scraps of it down on paper or canvas!

There I go daydreaming again, she thought guiltily, instead of doing anything about it. She really must get started. Tomorrow she'd do some work.

"What on earth are you muttering about?" Phyl asked curiously. "You don't know any of those birds personally, do you?"

They giggled over that, and after a bit more exploring, they all voted for a look at Old Town in North San Diego, where the Spaniards had made their first settlement in upper California.

Joan felt as if she had strayed into another century and another world. Along the narrow streets, old adobe houses stood aloof from the modern city they had just left. There was a little chapel of the same sun-dried clay; an ancient Spanish cemetery; and the ruins of a cobblestone jail that—so the story went—had housed but one prisoner. At the house known as "Ramona's Marriage Place" they stopped to look at Spanish and Indian relics, and took snapshots beside a tree-shaded wishing well.

But the sun was beginning to sink behind the old walls, and Phyl announced it was time to start home. When they reached the Jewetts', she had a brief off-stage conference with her mother and announced, "You're both to stay for supper."

Since it was maid's night out, Joan offered to set the table, and as she put out silver for the seven places she thought again what fun it must be to be part of a sure-enough family—to have a mother like Phyl's, eager to hear about her doings, and noisy kids like

There is a Secret Place

by Elizabeth-Ellen Long

*There is a secret place I know
Where, in the wind, the willows flow
In silent streams across the moon,
And there pale waves of starlight drift
Among dark hills, like isles that lift
Bare heads above Night's old lagoon.*

*How many times while men have slept
Have tides like these as brightly swept
Across the fields and back again,
With none to mark their rise and fall,
Or care in any way at all
What sea it is that floods their grain.*

made to look just like their far-off jungle homes.

Besides the birds in gigantic cages, many others darted freely overhead, undisturbed by the visitors, and as Joan watched the flash of bright wings, she thought again of

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the Jewett boys making a three-ring circus of the place. All at once she ached with loneliness for the kind of home she was sure she never would have. Some of her dreams had miraculously come true, but this, she felt, never could. It would be too much to expect.

Later, when the dishes were done and Buzz' mother had called for her, Joan headed home. The windows of neighboring quarters splashed gold on the smooth, dark lawns. As snatches of music and laughter floated out to her, she dreaded getting home ahead of her father. After the warmth and gaiety of the Jewetts', the house would seem more quiet and empty than ever. Reluctantly she opened the front door.

She had taken a slow step into the hall when she saw the single rectangle of white on the table. Bill's letter had come! Her hand reached for it, tingling as it touched the smooth paper with the special-delivery stamp in the corner.

SITTING on the living-room sofa, feet tucked under her, she gobbled every word of Bill's two closely-written pages. The letter, as her father had guessed, had evidently missed connections and been delayed all along the line. But it didn't matter now. Her long wait forgotten, she chuckled over Bill's account of the torments of sleeping in a hammock; of Saturday morning's inspection, sardonically known as "happy hour." In spite of his complaints, she knew that Bill, who was Navy to his bones, was reveling in every minute at sea.

Then his final paragraph leaped out at her: "The day we left Crabtown," he wrote, "when we piled into the launches, Sue and everybody was there waving like crazy. But I could barely manage a cheer because there was no redhead to see me off. I decided right then and there, I'm coming to see you during Sep leave if I have to thumb my way to San Diego."

Her heart beating in swingtime, Joan read the dazzling promise over and over. Then, sorry that it was too late to share her wonderful news with Phyl, she went to her room. After she had undressed and put out the light she stood for a long time at the window. How Bill would love being back here! He hadn't seen the Station since he was a kid, but like every other place where aviation history had been written, he knew all about it.

"The first seaplane in the United States took off from the bay at North Island, and the first night flights were made there," she remembered his telling her when he had briefed her about her new home. Some day he'd be stationed here—probably doing some air pioneering of his own.

She heard a ship's bell strike somewhere in the distance, and as the staccato notes drifted across the dark water, a ship glowed in the blackness, its tiny, far-off beacon shining like a promise.

Sleepily counting the weeks till September on the fingers that held Bill's letter, she resolved that now she really would inquire about art schools. If she worked hard she might have some pictures to show Bill when he got here. Everything was going to be wonderful.

But all that was to happen between now and September was beyond even her wildest notion—which perhaps was just as well, for her peace of mind.

(To be continued)

Canoeing Cues

(Continued from page 19)

paddles dip into the water at the same time, travel backward through the water together, and forward through the air. Team work is essential. The pathway of the paddle should be close to the side of the canoe, the end of the stroke not too far back. Any power in the stroke begins to wane after the paddle passes a point even with one's side. Then it cuts clear of the water, swings forward in a wide arc, the blade close to the water.

To steer the canoe straight ahead, the stern paddler must make her steering a part of her stroke. Toward the end of it she partially revolves the paddle, so that at the end of the stroke the edge of the paddle which has been traveling nearest to the canoe is now turned upward. Make this turn with the upper hand; the lower grip lessens somewhat to allow the paddle to revolve in the lower hand.

There are times when headway must be checked. This is done by using the back-water stroke. This is practically the reverse of the straight-ahead stroke. The paddle reaches well aft, or toward the stern, with the blade flat to the surface of the water, then pressed down and forward, parallel to the keel. Then it carries forward about as far as the lower hand will reach, when it is swung astern in a wide arc.

Sometimes, when an obstruction looms up ahead too quickly for the bowman to give proper warning, she uses the draw-stroke to swerve the bow away in time. This draw-stroke is done by reaching straight out at the side, pulling the paddle toward the side of the canoe instead of parallel to its length, as in the straight-ahead stroke.

When you paddle alone, you combine the paddling and steering strokes—choosing a position not in the stern, which raises the bow out of water and makes headway difficult, but a foot or two in front of stern position, unless your baggage or duffel is heavy enough to hold the bow down.

Now let us imagine that you are in the middle of a lake when a sudden squall makes your canoe rock and ship water. The first thing to do is immediately lower and center your weight. If you are sitting on a seat, drop to the floor and sprawl as flat as you can, so that your canoe will have a chance to right itself. And, with your paddle, keep the craft headed with the current. Never allow it to meet the waves broadside—an invitation to upset.

But perhaps you did not move quickly enough, and over you go! Just remember that the canoe is your safest means of reaching shore. Never, never leave it, for even if you cannot right it, you can hold on to it while it drifts to shore, or ride it straddle.

Now here you are in the water, your partially swamped canoe near by. Your first thought should be for your paddle. Look around. There it is. Get it before it goes out of reach! The next thing is to right your craft, and this is usually not difficult. Push down hard on the edge nearest you and you will see that a filled canoe has a tendency to roll like a log. Even a slightly built canoeist can "shake" some of the water out of her righted canoe—not all, perhaps, but quite a bit. Shove downward and away from you. Repeat several times. There is a knack about it, and that is why you should

(Continued on page 33)

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BIG CITY—is ideal family movie fare for its delightfully human story and brilliant cast. Margaret O'Brien plays an orphan who is adopted jointly by a Catholic cop (George Murphy) a Jewish rabbi (Denny Thomas) and a Protestant minister (Robert Preston). Margaret is delightful, and you will enjoy screen newcomers, great operatic soprano Lotte Lehmann, and musical star Betty Garrett.

SILVER RIVER—a colorful super-Western with Errol Flynn at his most dashing, and Ann Sheridan, rarely seen in an outdoor film, giving grand performances. Flynn plays an embittered Northern soldier who migrates to Nevada after the Civil War, through ruthless tactics becoming the biggest man in the silver mines. Thomas Mitchell, Bruce Bennett, Barton MacLane are supporting.



SHAGGY—will appeal especially to younger fans because it has two new stars, an eight year old actor, George Nokes, and a talented canine of indeterminate origin named Shaggy. Young George has a bad time of it when his widowed father (Robert Shayne) brings home a new wife (Brenda Joyce) who is afraid of dogs, including Shaggy—especially when he is accused of killing sheep.

STATE OF THE UNION—one of the year's really fine pictures, recommended for older fans and their parents. A long-run stage hit, it presents Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Van Johnson in a deft and knowing study of an amateur politician, who, somewhat to his own surprise, runs for the Presidency. The stars, plus Adolphe Menjou and Angela Lansbury, do an excellent job.



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Canoeing Cues

(Continued from page 31)

practice this in shallow water until you know how it is done.

You are now ready to try to get on board. Slip your paddle under a thwart and choose a position halfway between one end and amidships. Grasp both gunwales, left elbow high. Jump up, kicking hard with your feet, then throw yourself across the top. Keep inching your way until you are high enough to roll inside. It can be done, even by a beginner, but if you have practiced this in reasonably shallow water, you will not become panicky if an emergency should arise.

Safety in canoeing is largely a matter of knowing how to handle your craft, but it's also necessary to understand the peculiarities of winds, waves, and currents. Study your weather. Remember that the size of the waves increases in proportion to the distance they run. Always take advantage of any protection offered by a point, an island, or the shore. These act as windbreaks. And above all, you are just plain sensible if you admit that wind and waves are stronger than the sturdiest paddler. There are times when a wise canoeist stays on shore.

Remember, too, that canoeing is one sport in which expert instruction is a must, because the more difficult strokes need careful guidance during the learning process; the intricacies of current and weather need to be taught by those who know these subjects well; and continual practice until you are proficient in the basic strokes is essential. These are just some of the safety rules of canoeing.

When you are expert enough to go on pack trips, you will learn about the proper stowing of duffel. Never overload a canoe. For safety, the gunwales should be at least six inches above water line, but if rough water is anticipated, the craft should ride even higher.

Gear should be covered by some waterproof material such as a poncho or water-repellent canvas. It should be stowed so that it will not interfere with the paddlers' feet or knees, and the load must be in the center of the canoe, not showing above the gunwales.

As in other sports, the care of equipment is important if you expect good service from it. Watch out for spots where the paint has flecked off. A canoe should be revarnished at least once a season, after washing it with soap powder, and sandpapering thoroughly. Paddles, too, should be varnished—except the handles, which should be dipped in boiled linseed oil and dried thoroughly.

If you spring a leak, be prepared to mend it. A strip of silk is the best sort of patch, as it is thin and the edges will not catch easily, but canvas may also be used. Varnish it thoroughly on one side, and lay it over the crack, varnished side down. Force all air bubbles out by tapping them with your fingertips. When the patch is dry, varnish the upper side.

Whether it is to be an afternoon's bird-watching trip on a river, a twilight excursion, a day trip, or a two weeks' pack trip, careful preparations and co-operation between the paddlers are important for a fun-filled canoe cruise. And whatever your plans, "Fair Winds" and "Bon Voyage!"

THE END

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TURNTABLE TIPS



by CARL BOSLER

BACK in the early thirties, when New York's Fifty-second Street was known as Jazz Row and swing blared from its myriad nighteries, Louis Prima's torrid trumpet could be heard louder and higher than all the rest. His hearty blowing was one of the prime factors in fanning the flame of a new art. In those days Louis headed a small combo and was earnestly engaged in "playing hot for the people." The "Street" buzzed with excited talk about the new trumpeter, and the well-known "Famous Door," where he played, became the rendezvous of all the mighties of swing. But Louis wasn't satisfied. He wanted to lead a big band and he decided the jazz field wasn't the place for it. So he traveled to Hollywood, where he made several pictures and played most of the celebrated night spots. But he still dreamed of a big combo, and after several attempts he finally organized an outfit that clicked. Though vestiges of the "hot" style still remain, today Louis is known as the man who "plays pretty for the people." He's a first-rate showman and his infectious buffoonery and gravel-throated vocals invariably meet with a hearty reception.

Louis was born in New Orleans, the cradle of jazz, and began playing the violin when he was seven years old. But he was so intrigued by the playing of men like Louis Armstrong and King Oliver that he eventually switched from violin to trumpet. "My mother loved the violin," Louis said, "but she wasn't too fond of the trumpet. I've never forgotten how she used to say 'Please, Louis, play pretty,' and when the band was formed we used it as our slogan."

Believe it or not, it was Guy Lombardo who first discovered Louis. He was so enthused when he heard him in New Orleans that he persuaded Mrs. Prima to let Louis try his luck in New York. It took her six months to say yes, but Louis finally came to Manhattan and was an overnight sensation. Then followed successes with his own tunes such as "Sing, Sing, Sing" and "Robin Hood," and finally a contract with RCA Victor.

Louis devotes a good part of his time to

the youthful admirers who make up the more than six thousand Prima fan clubs. Not only does he meet and speak with each fan individually when he signs autographs between stage shows, but he recently held a meeting with the presidents of all the fan clubs in the New York area. As a result, instead of sending presents to Louis as they previously had done, the clubs are now devoting their energies and funds to such charitable organizations as the March of Dimes and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund; and to sending packages of food and clothing to the unfortunate children of Europe.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Crying For Joy . . . Little White Lies . . . Dinah Shore . . . Columbia (38114) . . . With skillful phrasing and superb musicianship, Dinah turns in another pairing that's tops in smooth, polished perfection. No matter what the tune, the charming songstress can make it sound like a hit.

Poinciana . . . Next Time I Fall in Love . . . Starlighters . . . Capitol (500) . . . Excitingly intricate harmonies on the lovely "Poinciana" put this one in the super-singing class. On the reverse the songsters humorously propose brash treatment for luckless, lovesick swains.

Bing Crosby Sings . . . Decca Albums (628 & 634) . . . The cream of the Crosby crop is represented in these two sets of reissues. Bing is joined in this jackpot series by a galaxy of stars including Al Jolson, Bob Hope, Eddie Heywood, and Lionel Hampton.

Peanut Vendor . . . Thermopolae . . . Stan Kenton . . . Capitol (15052) . . . When the torrid Kenton brass get through roasting the peanuts the little legumes are too hot to handle. On the coupling it's strictly "progressive" jazz à la Kenton.

Great Scott! . . . Hazel Scott . . . Columbia Album (C-159) . . . Hazel gives a sparkling display of her fabulous talent in this one.

The Trinidad-born lass plays and sings eight tunes, including two Scott originals in the bubbling, irrepressible rhythmic style which sets feet tapping.

Brooklyn Love Song . . . Little White Mouse . . . Marion Hutton . . . MGM (10160) . . . "Love is a wonderful thing even in Brooklyn, hey," sings Marion in delightful dialect. The catchy novelty on the flipover gives humorous warning to a little white mouse who would stray from his spouse.

Rendezvous With Peggy Lee . . . Capitol Album (CC-72) . . . Peggy's haunting interpretations of such memorable tunes as "Stormy Weather" and "Don't Smoke In Bed" should earn this six-tune set a place of honor on your special records shelf.

My Guitar . . . You Turned The Tables On Me . . . Jimmy Dorsey . . . MGM (10162) . . . A slow rumba which rambles easily from one soloist to another, and a jump tune with a solid beat are the latest contributions by the fine Dorsey band. It's smart, danceable music all the way.

Jazz

South Rampart Street Parade . . . Mama Inez . . . Nappy Lamare . . . Capitol (15050) . . . Shades of old New Orleans jazz in hectic street-parade style on the first, with the trombone on some solid counterpoint. The reverse favors the Latin flavor, with humorous touches of "jazz" for contrast.

Girls In Jazz . . . Victor Album (HJ-11) . . . No question about it—these girl musicians can play top-flight jazz. There's a real beat plus imaginative improvisation, and the four feminine contingents represented in the set convincingly demonstrate their mastery of a field usually considered the sole province of the male of the species.

Concert

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D Major played by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Artur Rodzinski. In this sunny, graceful music—a striking contrast to the impassioned First Symphony—Brahms captured the pastoral charm of the Viennese countryside and German lake region where it was composed. Brahms wrote of this region, "So many melodies fly about here, one must be careful not to tread on them," and certainly this tender, richly human symphony reveals the composer at his most lyrical. Columbia Album (MM-725).

Mozart: Symphony No. 4 in G Minor played by the Pittsburgh Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner. This exquisitely proportioned masterpiece is one of the miraculous achievements in the realm of artistic endeavor. With supreme clarity and naturalness of musical speech, Mozart created a work of incomparable beauty which is universally recognized as one of the greatest contributions to symphonic literature. Mr. Reiner and the orchestra meet the compelling interpretive challenge with characteristic insight and rare artistry. Columbia Album (M-MM-MV-727).

Morton Gould: Interplay For Piano And Orchestra played by Mr. Gould and the Robin Hood Dell orchestra. "Interplay" is a brilliantly engaging piece which sparkles with vigor and wit. The titles of the four movements—"Free Play," "Horseplay," "By-play," and "Team Play"—adequately describe its breezy contemporary spirit. Columbia Album (MX-289).

THE END

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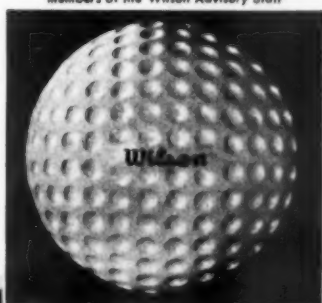
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Two on Trial

(Continued from page 9)

Rough, though spoiled, was bright, Wendy finally succeeded in convincing him that she meant business. Gradually he learned to "heel," to "stay," and to "come."

Every Thursday afternoon she took charge of four year old Ricky Whitby, and when the weather was fair she took him walking in Carter Park. Once he could be trusted to heel off the leash, Rough walked with them.

The obedience-training class was to close with a Saturday exhibition out of doors, with a visiting judge and prize ribbons. The nearer the day came the more confident Wendy grew. For the past few weeks there hadn't been a single complaint about Rough, and Wendy was sure that her father, although he had made no comment, had been aware of the dog's exemplary behavior. She was determined that Rough should win a blue ribbon, to prove his transformation.

On the day of the show the alarm clock rang at dawn. It awakened Rough as well as Wendy, and he bounced into the room from his mat in the hall. He pranced, he capered, he rolled on the floor and sawed the air with his paws. He growled with joy. He picked up one of Wendy's loafers and tore around the room, banging furniture.

"Stand! Heel!"

Rough obeyed promptly. He was letter-perfect in the commands.

After breakfast she took him into the garage for a final grooming.

"Up!" she ordered, and he leaped upon an old table and stood quietly. She talked to him as she combed and brushed him. "If you do well today, Dad will have proof that you're a reformed character. If you win top honors, Mr. Spencer said I'd be able to enter you next spring in the regular county show, to try for the Companion Dog Certificate. You'll be like a college graduate with a degree. Hold still while I brush your whiskers. You have to look smart as well as act smart."

Rough put out a paw ingratiatingly.

"I suppose I shouldn't—" Then her heart melted. She dug a chocolate peppermint out of her pocket and put it on his nose. He balanced it for a second, then, with a rapid jerk, tossed it and caught it in his mouth.

Shortly before noon, the twelve dogs which had completed the course stood on leash beside their owners, outside the improvised chicken-wire ring. Mr. Spencer introduced the judge, a Mr. Chandler, and read the rules, which they knew already, about dogs having to be removed from the contest if they refused to obey, and about owners being permitted to praise their dogs, but not to reward them with food.

"When you have taken your places in the ring, Mr. Chandler will begin the trials," he finished.

To her astonishment, Wendy found she couldn't move. Her knees and hands shook. Then Rough tugged at his leash, and concern for him dispelled her own fear. I mustn't frighten him, she thought, and led him into the ring.

Mr. Chandler raised his hand for attention and snapped, "Give the order to heel forward."

Saying "Heel!" the owners walked their dogs first as a group, then singly, past the judge for inspection. Mr. Chandler dictated his comments to Mr. Spencer, who noted them in a book.



OUR JUNE COVER

Blond, blue-eyed Corine Gustafson, our fifteen year old Cover Girl, was photographed way down on a sparkling Florida beach. The flared skirt and shirred bodice of her cotton swim suit, by Teen House, is flattering to almost every figure. Shown above is a matching, hooded beachcoat with tiny pearl buttons and pretty ruffled pockets. Both come in lovely shades of turquoise, coral, gray, and taffy, in teen sizes 10-16. You can buy the suit for about \$8.00 and the beachcoat for about \$11.00 at Bamberger's, Newark; Bloomingdale's, New York City; Boston Store, Milwaukee; and Filene's, Boston.

Then the judge examined each dog individually, calling Rough last.

"Turn—right!" Rough spun around without entangling Wendy in the leash. "Heel—free!" Rough walked without a leash, his shoulder close to Wendy's left knee.

"Stand—stay!" Rough stood motionless for about thirty seconds.

"Sit!" Rough sat quietly for a minute.

"Lie down!" Rough obeyed instantly.

Wendy left the ring delighted with his behavior. As she stepped into a group of spectators beyond the wire, Ricky Whitby, sucking a chocolate-orange popsicle, rushed at her. "Want to see Rough," he demanded.

At that moment the judge signaled the contestants to return to the ring, and she set Ricky down close to the fence, where he clung to the wire with his free hand.

One more test and the trials would be over. Wendy was sure Rough had done well, for Mr. Spencer had whispered, "Good work!" as she passed him.

"Dogs on the north side of the ring. Handlers on the south."

The owners walked their dogs to the opposite side of the ring, commanded them to sit, and returned to their original places. This was a crucial test, but Wendy wasn't nervous. The best thing Rough did was to come when she called.

"Call your dogs, one at a time," the judge ordered. "Start with the cocker spaniel on the left."

After her the Dalmation, then Rough, thought Wendy. I hope my voice stays in place.

Now it was her turn. "Rough! Come here!"

Rough sprang to his feet, lifted his head, looked over at the spectators, and started across the ring. Halfway he stopped, wriggled his whiskers, then dashed over the barrier to Ricky.

Wendy was frozen with horror. Rickey screamed with joy. Before she could open her mouth to call him, Rough leaped back and sat at her feet with a dripping, half-eaten popsicle hanging rakishly out of one corner of his mouth.

Wendy's stomach somersaulted as the judge strode toward her.

"Young lady," he thundered, "need I tell you that I must remove you from this competition?"

"No, sir," Wendy bent to fasten the leash on Rough's collar.

"On two counts," the voice of doom continued. "Your dog not only disobeyed you, but he obtained food."

"Sir—" Wendy began, then stopped. There was no use explaining that Rough had got mixed up between obedience and tricks. So with her head up she and Rough, heeling perfectly, marched across the ring and through the gate.

When she reached home she went directly to the library with Rough. Mr. Towers looked up.

"Back early, aren't you?"

"Rough was expelled, and it was all my fault. I used to give him candy because he looked so cute when he begged for it. So when he saw Ricky's popsicle—" The tears she'd been fighting all the way home spilled down her freckles. "And he didn't win a ribbon, and now you haven't any proof he's really turned over a new leaf, and—"

"I don't need a ribbon to prove that," her father comforted her, as he dried her eyes. "And we're not going to send Rough away—not as long as he remains the well-mannered dog you've taught him to be."

Wendy's eyes lighted.

"I told you once that you had no sense of responsibility, but these past weeks have proved that you have. I'm proud of you and Rough."

Wendy flung her arms around his neck. Rough yawned, stretched, and settled himself at Mr. Towers' feet.

THE END

Strawberry Festival

(Continued from page 20)

Never let berries lie in water, for they lose their juice and flavor that way. Stem berries, slice them into a bowl, and sprinkle with sugar, using $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated or powdered sugar to 3 cups sliced berries. Let them stand in the refrigerator $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or longer.

The fresh strawberry sundae is another favorite American dish. Perfect refreshment for a June lawn party, it makes an extra-special family dessert too, and is a quick and easy concoction to serve drop-in guests on the porch.

Vanilla ice cream (see American Girl Recipe File No. 5) topped with ripe berries—washed, stemmed, chilled, and cut in halves—is all there is to it. Four of the large berries, or 8 small ones, is a proper allowance for each serving.

Another popular version of strawberries and ice cream is served in the high-standing, narrow, parfait glass. If your pantry doesn't boast true parfait glasses, you may of course

substitute tall water glasses or large footed goblets.

STRAWBERRY PARFAIT

(serves four)

1 cup ripe strawberries 1 pint vanilla
2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar or strawberry
ice cream
1/2 pint heavy cream, whipped

Stem the washed berries, place them in a glass bowl or dish, sprinkle with the sugar, and crush them slightly with the back of a tablespoon. Cover and set in the refrigerator to chill. Whip the cream, and set in covered bowl in the refrigerator till time to make the parfaits.

Spoon a little of the crushed fruit into the bottom of each glass, add a spoonful of ice cream, and another spoonful of the crushed fruit. Then fill the glass almost to the top with ice cream. Add a spoonful of whipped cream and top with one whole berry.

Stand the parfait glass on a small plate and serve with long-handled iced-tea spoons. Cookies or small strawberry-frosted cupcakes make this super-perfect party fare.

Cover small, rich cupcakes with a fluff of this delicious strawberry frosting.

STRAWBERRY FROSTING

1 egg white, unbeaten 1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup granulated sugar 1/2 cup sliced strawberries

Use a glass or enamel double boiler, with boiling water in the lower part. In the upper part combine the egg white, sugar, salt, and about 1/2 of the berries. Beat with a wheel egg beater till mixed. Keep the water boiling rapidly in the bottom kettle, beat the mixture constantly with the beater, and cook 4 minutes, or till the mixture stands in peaks.

Remove the pan from the boiling water, beat the frosting to cool it, and as you beat, fold in the rest of the berries.

This makes enough to top a cake 8" square; or to spread between two 9" layers; or to top 12 cupcakes. (If you double the recipe, be sure to beat for 7 minutes instead of 4.)

THE END

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BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

A Girl Can Dream. By BETTY CAVANNA. The Westminster Press, \$2.50. A new story by Betty Cavanaugh is welcome news. Remember *Puppy Business* in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*? If you haven't read *Spurs for Suzanna* or *Going on Sixteen*,—her earlier books—you have a treat in store. This new one is about Rette Larkin, high school tomboy, who resents the poise and feminine charm of Elise, the class beauty, but who secretly would enjoy a bit of the masculine attention Elise attracts. It is a shock to Rette, who has won flying lessons as a prize, when Elise, for a graduation present, takes flying lessons at the same field. At the airport Rette learns a lot more than how to pilot a plane. The flying scenes ring true, for the author learned all about slips, spills, and first solo flights, when she took flying lessons herself. The people, incidents, backgrounds in this author's stories are real and engaging and this, with its nice contrasts in characters and its interesting plot woven around two girls learning to fly, is one of her best.

Assorted Sisters. By FLORENCE CRANNELL MEANS. Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50. When Reverend Locke became head of a Denver settlement house, sight unseen, his family was as much a shock to the Board as the living quarters were to the Lockes—Father, with his trigger temper, Mother who surprisingly knew about make-up and cared what people said, eighteen year old Russell, fifteen year old Mary, and the little boys. Fresh from the Hopi Reservation, Mary felt shy and different at the big city high school in Denver. But when two other lonely Marys, lovely Mei-Ling, a refugee who had had no word from her family in China, and Marita, a spirited Spanish-American girl, joined her as assorted sisters they proved that "Three girls together riding, can make new worlds at their will." Gradually they became part of life at school and had a hand in the success of Friendship House. When Father, deciding his family could put up with their inadequate quarters no longer, began negotiations for a new job, Mary was dismayed at the idea of leaving East High and all her friends. Then it was that Mei-Ling and Marita, proved that miracles still happen. This is a story that makes you feel good, and it makes you want to be the kind of American the Lockes are, with all their human mixture of good and bad.

Betsy Was a Junior. By MAUD HART LOVELACE. Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50. Many of you have been following Betsy Ray and her friends, Tacey and Tib, since they were small children in Deep Valley just after the turn of the century. The girls are high-school juniors now and if

you haven't already made their acquaintance, do so without delay. For though these are the horseless-carriage days of your grandmothers, when customs and styles were different, the girls are as gay and lively as any 1948 teen-agers, and their interests, problems, and ambitions are the same as yours. Life for Betsy and her friends is a carefree, happy affair, concerned with the parties and good times of the leading crowd at Deep Valley High. There is little serious conflict in this gay and charming chronicle of junior fun in 1908. Betsy makes resolutions she doesn't always keep, even as you and I. She struggles with Latin and a herbarium she nonchalantly puts off until the zero hour. Her real interest, after all, is in being popular with the boys and especially Joe Williard, her rival in the annual essay contest. She finds that secret sororities have drawbacks which outweigh their advantages, and that there is more to growing up than just the new privileges it brings.

Constancia Lona. By ALIDA MALIKUS. Doubleday & Co., \$2.50. What are girls your age like in South America? What do they eat? How do they dress? What kind of good times do they have? Do they plan on careers? And what sort of things do they dream about? Here are the answers to these questions in the story of Constancia Lona of Ecuador, who dreamed of studying in the United States so that she would have a broader outlook to help her country as a teacher. Constancia's gentle widowed mother had not yet regained her teaching certificate and could not aid her daughter financially, so the girl must win her education through scholarships. The first step was to go up from the lowlands of Guayaquil to attend the University at Quito in the snowcapped Andes. This meant infinite planning and contriving but at last Constancia arrived in Quito, to find the great-uncle—with whom she planned to live while she studied at the University—alone, very ill, and destitute in the crumbling old family mansion. It seemed to be up to the shy, strange young girl from the lowlands to take charge and she did in an amazing fashion. Later her friend, the gay and fun-loving Graciela, to whom money was something to spend, not to worry about, prevailed upon Constancia to be her roommate. Other girls and young men shared their good times, especially the

young American diplomat, John Wentworth, who somehow managed to see a good deal of Constancia. There is much of the fun of college students everywhere and much of the study and serious thinking which boys and girls in Ecuador enjoy, as all modern young people seem to do. Constancia and her friends appreciate their country's cultural heritage, and hope to fit themselves to help in the struggle against poverty and illiteracy. In spite of their different background, customs, and traditions, you will find them basically much like yourselves with the same hopes, ambitions, problems, and interests.

William the Silent. By NINA BROWN BAKER. The Vanguard Press, \$2.50. Maybe you have read some of the fine biographies, by this author, of great leaders of other countries who have struggled for liberty, and you know how expert she is at making other times and places alive and exciting. You won't want to miss this story of one of the great figures of sixteenth century European history—William the Silent of Nassau, Prince of Orange—his early life and education, his four marriages, his one great love, and his great fight for liberty. From an extravagant, pleasure-loving boy we see him grow into a wise and determined man with a deep hatred of intolerance and oppression. Here is all the honor and the inspiration of the struggle against the fanaticism, intolerance, and cruelty of the Middle Ages, from which we thought such men as William of Orange had helped to free mankind, but which we have seen revived in our day. For these were the days when the Lowlands were under the domination of the religious fanatic, Philip the Second of Spain, who stopped at no trick or savagery to stamp out religious freedom in The Netherlands. These were the days of battle and siege by the Spaniards under the cruel Ferdinand de Toledo, Duke of Alba, when the defiant Beggars led the resistance against the tyranny, and William the Silent became the leader of the Dutch in their heroic struggle for tolerance and freedom. If you are studying sixteenth century European history this book will be of tremendous help in giving a better picture of those turbulent times, and if you are sometimes despairing of conditions today you may find inspiration and reassurance in the story of this man's contribution to human progress.



Clara Gee Kastner

"It's just a guess—but I sorta' feel he likes you."

Lost Birthday

(Continued from page 12)

What a way to spend this special birthday! Mother's letter had said they'd bring me a nice gift when they came home—but that was months away and I needed something *now*.

"Hello," piped a child's voice, and there on the steps leading to the sidewalk sat Scottie, Frank's five year old brother. He held a pencil in one fat hand and a piece of paper in the other. His brows were puckered and his tongue was sticking out a tiny bit.

"Hello, yourself," I answered.

He got up and came toward me. "I wrote a poetry." He looked up at me with eyes the same peculiar brown that Frank's are, and offered me the paper.

"What does it say?" I asked, unable to read the scribbles.

He took it back, cleared his throat, and glued his eyes to what he had put down. "It says, 'I want a puppy. I'll call him Bill. He'll walk lippy-loppy and then he'll stand still.'"

"Do you think you'll get a puppy?" I laughed for the first time that morning.

"On my birthday—maybe," he said and all at once his eyes looked exactly the way I felt. "I wish my birthday was now," he added. "I want a puppy more'n eating ice cream."

"If today were your birthday would you get the puppy?" I had a wild notion.

"I—I think so," he said doubtfully.

"Well, what do you know! I have a birthday this very day that I won't be using at all. I'll give it to you."

His eyes began to dance as if they would jump right out of his face. Then he asked soberly, "But how will Frank know?"

"Why should he know?"

"He's the one that's going to give me the dog, maybe, when it comes my birthday."

I took his pencil and paper and wrote: "This is to certify that my birthday, February 16th, has been freely donated to Scottie Brown." I signed it and gave it to him. "There, this will show everyone that today has been given to you for a birthday."

I went on down to the Hatbox and unlocked the door. Inside it was neat and clean and forlorn. Even the hats sat lopsided on their pedestals, as if to say, "What's the use?" The winter hats looked somberly stubborn, determined to be sold before the new spring ones had a chance. Aunt Tally had been too fearful of the outcome to go into debt for much spring stock.

I halfheartedly straightened a gray worsted thing with a limp feather dangling from it. It flopped back to one side. The "black-and-green monstrosity" in the window was positively gruesome. I walked outside to look at it from the customer's viewpoint. From the center pedestal it tilted crazily, like a last-year's bird's nest with the scrawny neck of some prehistoric bird stretching up from its middle. I went back inside, yanked it from its perch, and whacked off the offending neck with its bilious green feathers. But the window looked too naked now. So I hunted around in the cubbyhole of a back room and found some old cardboard and a can with some green sign paint still left in it.

"Perhaps if I advertise a sale," I told my-

(Continued on page 40)



American Youth Hostels, Inc., a non-profit organization, will guide you to fuller enjoyment of healthful recreation outdoors with planned excursions and inexpensive lodgings.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

you **PUSH** a bicycle...

you **RIDE** a HUMBER

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● Red stitching finish in double needle strength.

● Maximum fabric shrinkage 1%. Wash separately.

● Also available in faded blue.

● Sizes 10 to 20—all styles.

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A. long

B. short

C. pedal pushers

Quantity

Size

Color

Name.....

City.....

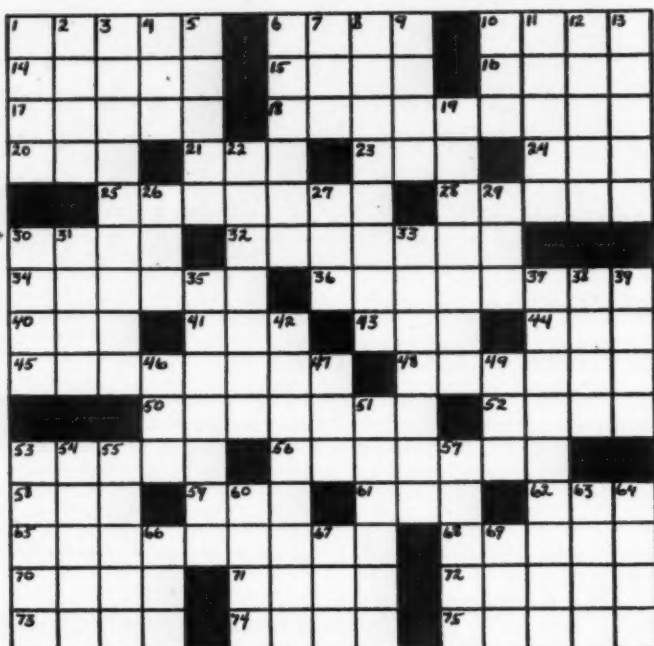
Zone No.....

Address.....

State.....

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



ACROSS

1. Incline
6. Tears
10. Heroic tale
14. Refuge
15. Sign
16. Part of stove
17. Obvious
18. Outstretching
20. Viscous substance
21. Consume
23. Place
24. Exist
25. Submarine projectile
28. Harmonizer
30. Shirt button
32. Sovereigns
34. Pantry
36. Clothing
40. Ceremonial vase
41. Light pole
43. Trim off
44. Crude mineral
45. Places in servitude
48. Flower part
50. Worthless
52. Food regime
53. Hammer metal
56. Troop arrangement

DOWN

58. Night before
59. Tatter
61. Type of poem
62. Reptile
65. Scene
68. Modify
70. Man's name
71. Brain passage
72. Bit
73. Cosy place
74. Lairs
75. Irritable
1. Fired
2. Molten rock
3. Upsets
4. By
5. Go in
6. List of names
7. Devil
8. Private
9. Snick
10. Turf
11. Pertaining to birds
12. Species

DOWN

13. Displeasure
19. Try
22. Sanction
26. Queer
27. Excavate
29. Utilize
30. Turn about
31. Mountain lake
33. Intersected
35. Rubbers
37. Names
38. Woody plant
39. Dispatched
42. Deputy
46. Drag
47. Dry (wine)
49. Fuss
51. Makers of equine footwear
53. Criminal
54. Egg-shaped
55. Hires
57. Sprang
60. Tart
63. Denomination
64. Victim
66. Period
67. Sty
69. Falsehood

Turn to page 47 for the solution

Lost Birthday

(Continued from page 39)

self, "perhaps I'll attract some customers." What kind of a sale to advertise stymied me. Finally I came through with what at the moment seemed a brilliant idea, and on the black background I painted LOST BIRTHDAY SALE in green letters. What more was there to lose? The shop couldn't do any worse than it had been doing and according to the way I felt, we were both at the end of our endurance anyway.

"But that doesn't make sense," I argued. "People won't know what you mean."

"I don't know what I mean either," I answered, "and it doesn't matter anyway. Perhaps they'll come in to find out. This is my day for impulses. Who cares?"

I placed the sign in the one show window. It needed something else. I glared at the bird's nest. Ugly thing. Outside the sun was shining warmly enough for late spring. I rummaged through the chest of drawers at the back for something bright. I found some pale greenish flowers, flat like wild roses. Against the dull black of the neckless bird's nest they looked pretty dead. Suddenly I remembered the bright green paint.

"This is do or die," I said as I sat down in the customer's chair and sewed the flowers thickly all around the nest. Then carefully—ever so skimpily—I touched each petal with a tiny sweep of the green paint. The effect was stupendous. I placed my creation on the slender peg in the window, above the birthday-sale sign. They really did things for each other and I realized I was almost enjoying myself.

I was rummaging through the drawers to see what else I could transform when the first person entered the store at ten o'clock. I met her with what I hoped was suave graciousness.

"What may I do for you?" I asked, wondering if I should have said "can" instead. She laughed and looked a little fussed. "To tell the truth," she answered, "I only came in to ask what your sign meant. I never saw one like it before."

I swallowed my disappointment and began lamely to explain. "It is silly, isn't it?" I stammered. "But I—I really lost my birthday celebration, and that is why I happen to be here having a hat sale. I mean—I had to stay here, so I gave my birthday to a little boy who wanted a dog."

"A boy wanted a dog and you gave him a birthday?" The woman looked bewildered.

"He had said he'd get a dog on his birthday, but it was a long way off, so I gave him mine." I was trying to explain but with every word I sounded crazier. Finally I began all over again and told her the story from the beginning.

"Oh, I see! How clever!" Her hand was opening the door and she hadn't even looked at the hats. "My husband and I are staying at the hotel on the mountain. He isn't very well and I try to find little things to amuse him. He'll love this."

When she had gone I faced myself in the mirror. "It didn't work," I said. "She thinks I'm an idiot and likely has gone to send the sheriff after me." It was fifteen minutes before another person came in.

"A florist's box!" I exclaimed to the boy who grinned as he gave it to me. When I took off the lid there was a great splash

of gorgeous red carnations. The card read: "Happy birthday. Success to the sale. From the lady with so much curiosity."

"Well, there are good things in the world when folks like her flit about!" I thought with a queer swelling around my heart.

The carnations performed a miracle by making the whole shop take on a gay, face-lifted look. I put them where they could nod at their reflections in the mirror and catch the sunshine from the window, too.

"Here comes a character," I thought when the next woman barged in as if being pursued.

"I'd like to try on the hat in the window," she said in a high-heeled voice, pushing yellow hair back from her face.

"Oh, but—" I began, then with a hard swallow, "of course." I took it gingerly from its place and when she was seated before the mirror I placed it carefully on her head, hoping the paint was dry enough not to run.

"It won't do," she snapped.

"No," I said thankfully, as I put it back in the window. "But wait, I have a little number you'll love." I was amazed at the words coming out of my mouth. I'd heard them somewhere. I took down a few of the spring hats Aunt Tally had thrust back out of the way, determined to get rid of the winter ones first, and one by one I placed them on her head. A soft blue beret, with one long feather of a deeper blue pointing back and down, really made her look like a different person.

"I'll take it! It's just what I wanted." Her round face glowed like an early morning sun. I felt as if I had done her an everlasting favor. Why, selling hats could be fun!

That changed my luck. It seemed that everybody from the mountain hotels, plus half the town, walked past the Hatbox, and attracted by the red splash of the carnations and my silly sign, came in to look at hats—thin ladies, tall ladies; ladies with red coats or green suits for which they wanted hats. It was great fun matching the various ladies and their clothes to Aunt Tally's hats. Before I knew it, it was the middle of the afternoon and a good many hats were gone. Aunt Tally came in at four, a shining new tooth making it easy for her to smile again.

"What happened?" she gasped. "That sign! Those flowers!"

I told her all about the day, and with a

clutch at my tightening throat I confessed that she had hardly a new hat left in the shop. "I sold quite a few of the winter things at a discount, too," I ended.

She was a different aunt than I had seen for months. She grabbed me and we danced wildly around the sad gray worsted thing, which gave up and dropped forlornly to the floor.

"You're colossal," Aunt Tally became extravagant with her words when she saw the money in the drawer. "You make me believe I can make a success of the shop."

She telephoned a wire to the wholesale house for new and more exclusive hats and threw the worsted thing in the ash can.

As we locked up at six o'clock she said, "Darling, you don't know what you've done for me today. I was about to drown in a lake of self-pity."

I stared at her, petrified into awareness. That was exactly what I'd been doing until I got interested in making the shop do right by her. And now just being alive in a good world was oodles of fun!

"I'm going home and telephone Frank," I exclaimed. "It's time they were back from Denver—or is it?"

Frank answered that in person. He was waiting for us at the curb. "I'm sorry, old thing," he said. "You win."

"I'm not on your wave length," I answered dumbly.

"I mean I didn't go to Denver," he grinned. "No fun without you." My already broad grin grew wider. "And listen, you giver-away-of-birthdays, Scottie has his pup, bought with the honest shekels I might have squandered on the Denver spree." His brown eyes said nice things, and the happy feeling spread down to my toes.

"I like you better than ever," I told him, as Scottie ran down the street with a wobbly little collie pup tumbling beside him.

"I got him—I got him!" he shouted above the barking of the pup.

"I got something out of my birthday I never bargained for," I said as we walked up the street four abreast, "and what I actually lost was really an asset. Like 'putting away childish things,' I mean."

"Mom said for you both to come home with us for dinner," Frank told us. "She made a birthday cake." And the funny lock of hair stood up where his cowlick is.

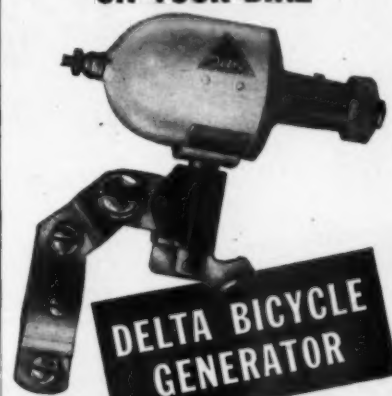
THE END



"If Edward can't see the board from his own seat, he should come to me about it."

The American Girl

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Lights up Headlight and Tail Light without Batteries

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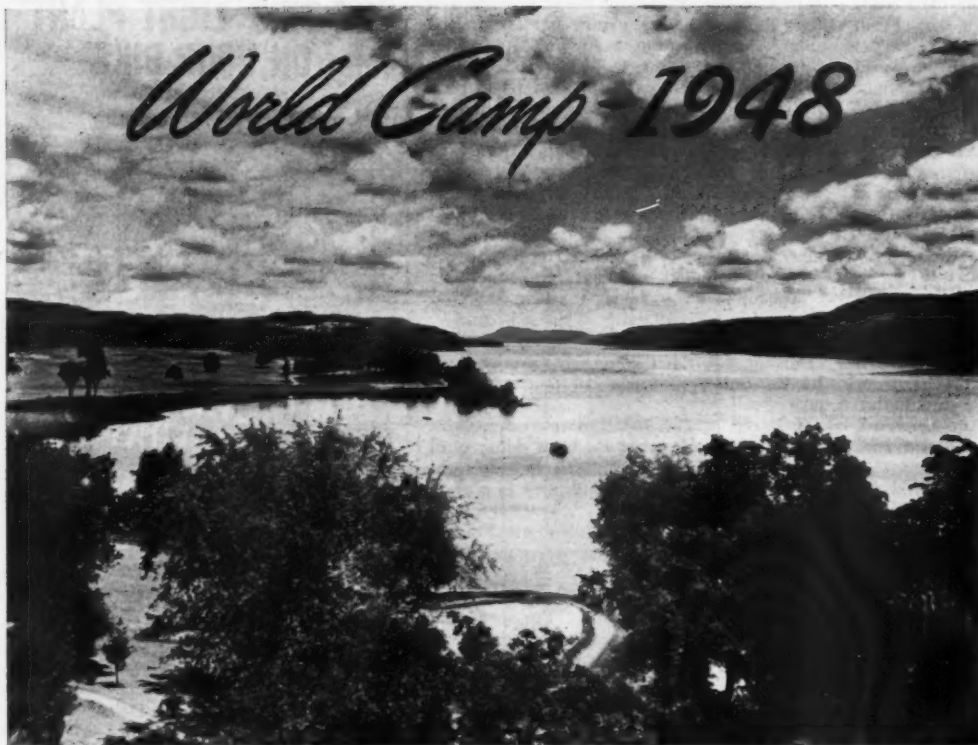
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World Camp-1948

by **ALETHEA
T. BECKHARD**

*Director,
World Conference Camp*



A. J. Telfer

In a pasture on the shores of this lovely lake, Senior Girl Scouts of three nations will camp together

AS you remember from James Fenimore Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," Indians and pioneers once fought over the beautiful mountain region of central New York State. But this summer, modern caravans will be moving over the hills to converge on the shores of Cooper's "Glimmerglass." Instead of the war whoops of Indian braves, the trails will resound to the notes of folk music. Once again there will be the ring of axes and the smell of wood fires. For Girl Guides and Girl Scouts will be camping together at Cooperstown, New York.

A charming village in the Catskills, with many beautiful old homes, Cooperstown stands as a symbol of the American pioneer tradition and the gracious living of colonial days. In this town, too, the game of baseball was invented in 1839.

This August, history again will be made in Cooperstown, when the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts holds its biennial conference for the first time in the Western Hemisphere, at the Hotel O-te-sa-ga. Adult delegates from twenty-eight member countries, who expressed the wish to meet in a typical small American community rather than a big city, will gather there to discuss important world problems, and formulate plans for carrying on the work of your international organization.

To help make the wheels of the big conference go round, twenty aides from each hostess country—Canada, Brazil, and the United States—have been appointed. Each aide is over eighteen, speaks a foreign language fluently, has a fund of information about Scouting and international affairs. To them will be assigned such jobs as arranging trips, typing, changing money, acting as pages, and helping the busy delegates in every way possible.

Not far from the hotel, in a pasture on the lakeshore, Girl Scouts of near-by Regions I and II are going to set up a camp in which these aides will live. All winter and spring, girls in eleven cities of New England, New York, and New Jersey have been making preparations for the big summer-camping event of the hemisphere. Brownies have been making pot holders and painting storage jars and cans. Intermediates have been sewing camp aprons and helping repair equipment, while Seniors have been busy building storage cabinets, waterproofing

canvas, and practicing lashing and other useful camping skills.

On July 31st a few Senior Scouts from each of these eleven communities will bring their equipment to Cooperstown, where each group will be assigned a small area in which to set up a unit of the camp. Each will erect tents to house twelve people; raise a tent-fly for the kitchen; construct stoves, garbage pits, dining tables, and all the other things necessary for comfortable and efficient housekeeping. The "setting-up" groups must build from scratch as there is nothing on the site but a spring. And they must work fast, for the schedule says that in two days the conference aides arrive! When the aides move in, the setting-up groups move out—but they'll be back at the end of the conference to camp a few days together, see the sights of Cooperstown, strike camp, and take their equipment home.

It requires a real skill to camp easily and comfortably for three weeks in primitive conditions. Camping takes time, too, and a lot of it—there's cooking three square meals a day over

an open fire; chopping wood for cooking, heating water, and warmth; keeping tents shipshape in all kinds of weather. To help the aides do all of these jobs and still have time to work at the conference, outstanding Senior campers have been invited. They will travel from Brazil, Canada, and all parts of the United States to share the responsibility of making this conference a success.

Each country has set up its own qualifications for choosing Senior girls to attend the World Conference Camp. In several sections of the



Edward Saxe

These Connecticut Senior Scouts, part of a "setting up" group, are perfecting their lashing

United States camps for Senior Girl Scouts were held this spring, and the most outstanding campers selected by the girls themselves. It was a tough test—for you know your fellow campers pretty well when you have camped with them for several days and seen how they meet big problems and little difficulties!

Before the conference opens on August 13th, there will be ten days of training for the campers. Seniors and aides who will live in tents together will have ample time to get acquainted; to learn to say good morning in five languages; to make their daily work schedules; to swim, boat, and hike. They will discuss world affairs and the responsibilities of world citizenship as well as get a preview of the problems confronting the delegates.

The campers will take care of flag ceremonies and some of the evening entertainment of the conference, so they will need to pool ideas and share skills. Canadians will demonstrate "breaking the flag"—the traditional ceremony of the Girl Guides, while girls from the United States will show how the flag is raised in this country.

Meal hours will be hilarious times of explaining cooking technique in several languages (including sign) with always the excitement of wondering just how the final product will taste! Much thought must be given to menu planning and careful buying. What a dreadful thing it would be for the fortunate ones from the three hostess lands of plenty to be careless about food handling before their guests.

Days of hard work are in store for the Cooperstown campers. But they know it will be a thrilling experience; an unusual opportunity to make new friends from many lands; and a privilege to play a part—even a small one—in a great World Conference Camp.

THE END



OVERSIGHT by Bert Penny

I think it wise to be prepared
Against a rainy day.
That's why I take each bone I get
And bury it away.
There's just one thing that worries me—
I have no record book,
And when I need those bones again
I won't know where to look.

The American Girl

Bright Spots for summer nights

Dark nights call for bright lights. Carry a good flashlight on your evening walk, hike, car or camping trip.

Hand lantern or chestlight with recoiling strap. Green enamel case with focusing spotlight.

11-421 — 2.15



Junior Eveready throws strong beam. Green enamel and nickel trim metal case. Insignia on base.

11-417 — 1.20



All three complete with battery

Rightangle flashlight with pre-focused light, signal and permanent switch. Steel belt clip, extra bulb. Green unbreakable plastic.

11-418 — 1.75



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Two Girl Scouts examine the rags worn by a European child. Their Clothing Kits for overseas will replace such clothes

ALL OVER THE MAP

HEADLINE NEWS IN GIRL SCOUTING



Roseau, Minnesota, Girl Scouts model the costumes worn in their skating carnival

• **The second annual** Senior Girl Scout conference for Oklahoma, lasting three days, was held in Chickasha recently, with over one hundred girls, representing Senior troops from all over the State, attending. Held at the Oklahoma College for Women, the conference was planned by the girls themselves, with the help of their Executive Committee and several adult advisers. "United by Scouting" was its theme, and the sessions held during the three days treated various aspects of this. For example, one session called "United in Fellowship" was an evening of folk dancing, skits, and singing. "United for Organization," a talk on bringing a new look to the Girl Scout program through planning, was another. Then came "United in Camping" a session in which a dramatic presentation of life at a world encampment highlighted the importance of World Friendship as the strongest link in the Scout program; and "United in Spirit," with presentation of the colors and a flag drill by the Wing Scouts of Oklahoma City. "United in Tradition" was a campfire ceremony at which each girl wrote a wish on a piece of paper and threw it in a fire holding ashes from the conference campfire of last year. Ashes from this one were preserved for next year's campfire to carry out the "links in a chain" idea. One of the girls, in summing up the conference, said: "I've thought lots about the conference. I've decided that Senior Scouting has rather grown up in the last three or four years and the State organization for which so many people have worked is at last a real thing. Senior Scouting in Oklahoma is now a united group, with established traditions which are dear to all of us who have grown up with them."

• **The first package** to go from the District of Columbia via the newly organized international Air Parcel Post System—the first in the world—was sent by representatives of Girl Scout Troop 174 of

Washington, D. C., and it was a Friendship Package addressed to a Dutch Girl Guide adopted by this troop two years ago. Airlines cooperated with the Post Office Department to make the opening day a real demonstration of our friendship for the needy peoples in countries to be served by the new system. Post Office officials say that packages mailed via Air Parcel Post will be delivered in any one of the twenty-three participating countries in less than five days.

• **It was a very successful** Style Show for the Girl Scouts of North Warren, Pennsylvania, recently, when the North Warren Neighborhood Club presented it in the form of an entertainment before their sponsoring P.T.A. All of the Intermediate and Brownie Scouts in the community participated, and some tiny Brownies-to-be did their parts too. A skit about the old woman who lived in a shoe started things going. The smallest tots modeled clothes suitable for their age and recited nursery rhymes as they went. Then came the youngest Brownies, singing a song, followed by older Brownies who set their ruffles and sashes swinging as they danced a Virginia reel. Younger Intermediates modeled clothes designed for them, and the teen-agers showed the proper wardrobe for a high-school girl—an act which played an important part toward earning their Girl Scout Clothing badge.

• **News just came in** from Roseau, Minnesota (where winter lingers late) of the successful Ice Carnival staged by Girl Scouts to help them get to camp this summer. Fifty-six girls, representing four troops, participated in the nine different acts which formed the Carnival held on an outdoor rink. A local electrician installed an amplifier on the roof of the warming house, and lent his phonograph equipment for all the rehearsals and the Carnival itself. Six Boy

Scouts opened the program with Advancement of the Colors, then came the different acts announced by two pages skating out on the rink with signs. A Patriotic Drill, an International Revue, an Indian Peace Dance, and a Gypsy Fantasy were among the costumed numbers. Coffee and homemade doughnuts were served in a near-by building at intermission time. A grand finale included the whole cast, with some of its members putting on a clowning act on the ice. Roseau reports that the Carnival was a great success, and, despite rehearsals that had to be held in 25° below temperatures, the Scouts enjoyed it so much that they are looking forward to, and planning for, another Carnival next year. That it was a financial success too, is proved by the substantial sum that was cleared toward camp expenses.

• **Senior Service Scouts** of Troop 96, Los Angeles, California, have offered their services as Program Aides in an interesting new project. They've volunteered to help girls confined in the orthopedic ward of the General Hospital to become Girl Scouts. Two Scouts and two leaders visit them once a week, and the patients, enthusiastic as can be, carry out as complete a Girl Scout program as is possible in bed. At the moment, the Scouts-to-be are making blue ties which they will wear with their uniforms when they can do them, and have completed a handicraft gift project. It is expected that the new Scouts will be welcomed into existing troops near their homes when they are released from the hospital.

• **Reports of Clothing Kits** assembled and made by Girl Scouts for children overseas continue to roll in. We hear that Watsonville, California, girls who began their projects in January, completed 133 kits and got them off to the Pasadena Friends Service Committee for delivery abroad by March. In this community, the public was requested, via radio and newspapers, to contribute used clothing, and was informed that a local cleaning establishment would clean the garments free of charge. From San Antonio, Texas comes word that Clothing Kit promotion there has been turned over to one of its Senior Girl Scout troops, members of which are visiting other troops and making speeches. Dallas, Texas, made their initial collection of kits a feature of an international festival, and turned in 177. A trucking company, engaged to take the kits to Chicago, volunteered their services when they learned the cause. Santa Fe, New Mexico, reports that many of the garments for layettes in their kits were beautifully made from flour sacks.

• **Although** it is not necessary to build an entire radio to earn the new Girl Scout Radio badge, a troop of Girl Scouts in Logan, West Virginia, did just that—and they did it because they choose to! The husband of one of their leaders, a troop consultant, explained what they would have to do to build a set, and, after a little discussion, an order for the necessary materials was sent off. The Scouts learned the function of each one of the parts, put them together, and tuned in with their fingers crossed. Sweet music to their ears—it worked the first time! Ten members of the troop have already participated in a radio broadcast, and the others are just waiting their chance. There are thirty-four girls in this Logan troop which is three years old, and scarcely anyone ever misses a meeting. The secret of their success, they feel, is long-term planning, co-operation, and fun for all.

• **The grounds** of the Milton Memorial Hospital in Charleston, West Virginia, have never been landscaped—and the hospital stands in a dreary area of mud. To remedy the situation, one of the West Virginia leading landscape artists has donated a complete plan for beautifying the grounds. And, because the shrubs and flowering trees needed to complete the plan cost from eight to twenty dollars apiece, local Girl Scouts are arranging to help. The plan is for two or three Girl Scout troops to combine forces in a fat-saving campaign to raise enough money to buy one or more of the plants. Arrangements have been made for a map of the completed grounds which will show who donated the plant material, so that participating troops will be remembered for their service in addition to the thrill the girls will get from seeing the convalescing children enjoy the growing and blossoming trees.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns. Reports of unusually successful clothing kit collections for children overseas, with or without photographs, will be especially welcome.

THE END

Del Ankers



A package goes by the new International Air Parcel Post Service
The American Girl

Joe Rimkus



Girl Scouts of Logan, West Virginia, learn to construct a radio

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Fone-Dex: Keep your most frequently called numbers in order and ready for instant use with this compact, handy pocket file. Made of black plastic, the case contains seven printed, durable cards which are held in place by a removable post and screw, allowing for replacement with new cards. Each card has space for twelve names and numbers, and a push of the thumb brings them into instant use. The smart case has a handy key chain, too.

Wonderized: The kind of knitting yarn you've always dreamed about is here. Described as the first and only permanently anti-shrink and antimatting hand-knitting wool, it should be a tremendous boon to you knitters. Not only is this new yarn claimed to keep its true size after tubbing, but because of a unique processing, to stay clearer and brighter in color, to wash more easily.



Joker Hobby: Do you collect the jokers from decks of ordinary playing cards, for the designs and pictures found on their reverse sides? It's a popular, fast-growing hobby, and here's a new album, cord-bound and filled with seventy die-cut pages, to house it. The album has a full-color, embossed joker design on the cover, and is available in tan, green, and blue.

Little Lizzie: In a booklet called "Who is Little Lizzie?" a can-opener manufacturer shows you how to make many useful and attractive articles for the home with ordinary tin cans. There's much fun, and little or no skill or trouble is involved. For instance, the booklet shows how an open can and a piece of cloth can make an unusual string holder. There are also instructions for turning discarded cans into picnic cups, novel games, storage containers, and a host of other articles.



Soap Wand: This excellent, new, and inexpensive dishwasher has a brush, a soap tube, and a plastic hose—and it works wonders. Just pour soap flakes or powder into the tube, attach hose to faucet, and turn on the water to desired flow and temperature. Now, without putting your hands in water, you rub the brush over dishes, silverware, pans. Soapy water flows through, cleans quickly. To rinse, press a valve on the handle and out shoots a spray of clear water. It's economical, using less soap; sanitary because there's a fresh, soapy water for every dish; it's quick, and it's kind to your hands.

Penguin Server: Here's something you'll enjoy as a hostess. It's a smartly styled, chrome-plated, covered bowl designed for serving either hot or cold foods. Use it on a buffet lunch table, for casserole suppers, or potluck picnics. It's insulated to keep foods warm or cold throughout a whole meal and can serve also as cookie jar or ice-cube bucket.



Colorpeel. Lots of fun's in store for you, thanks to this new, unusual kind of painting which you can do on ash trays, toilet bottles, drinking glasses, and other glassware. It doesn't wash away, but when you want to you can peel it off. Four brilliant colors, one clear; a bottle of cleaner for the brush; and an aluminum drawing board make the set. On the Fourth of July, you can decorate your table glassware red, white, and blue, for instance. Then peel it off to make way for the next celebration. Great fun and all very inexpensive.

No Rub, No Rinse: No more rubbing, scrubbing, or rinsing of nylons, rayons, silks, and woolsens. There's a brand-new dip on the market and its maker claims that even colored woolen sweaters, with school letters attached, may be washed safely in it. One tablespoon in a basin of water is sufficient to do the job. Just soak, squeeze out, and dry, he says.



Ylla and Her Camera

(Continued from page 15)

they've been frightened by a flash bulb it's almost hopeless to try to work with them. One example of this is the time she journeyed all the way to the Baltimore zoo to photograph the unusually good-looking hippopotamus there. But the moment Mr. Hippo spied her camera he disappeared under water and stayed. It seems that a battery of news photographers had visited him earlier in his career and frightened him so much that he developed a permanent aversion to looking at the birdie.

For best results, then, as you photograph your own pets, Ylla advises you to be very gentle and quiet. "Move slowly and speak softly," she says, "and remember that even animals need a sense of security." For this last reason Ylla herself never poses pets on wobbly chairs or high tables, but usually leaves them on the floor where they feel at home. Then, working on her hands and knees, she brings the camera down to their level. She does her photographing in a pair of slacks and a tailored shirt or jacket—very becoming, by the way, to the tall, slim young lady with her upswept hairdo and charming smile. At the zoo, particularly when she's working with jittery beasts, Ylla sometimes masquerades in a keeper's cap and jacket. Their familiar look and smell is inclined to have a quieting effect on nervous or suspicious subjects.

If you want to go in for animal photography, Ylla warns that you will need plenty of patience, plenty of time—and plenty of camera film. She still allows at least an hour per animal and takes a minimum of thirty-six shots.

Ylla also suggests that you probably won't succeed if you approach the job single-handed. "Get a friend or brother or a cousin or a parent to help you amuse the animal and keep him from running away or from walking straight into the lens," she advises. "If your assistant can make animal noises, so much the better, and do have a toy or two—a catnip mouse or a new bone or a favorite ball—on hand. That helps to interest your subject and produces entertaining facial expressions." In the case of a kitten, Ylla has learned from experience that it's wise to postpone his lunch until after the sitting. Then, with a piece of juicy liver on the end of a string, she can practically wind the pussy around her little finger.

AS YOU see, most of Ylla's pictures have a very plain background, a point she feels is one of the secrets of effective animal photography. Outdoors, she recommends that you pose your pet on a little rise of ground, against a plain sky, and that you get as close to him as your camera focus will allow. For an indoor shot, there's nothing like a bare wall for background. In that way, all the attention in the finished picture will be centered on the animal rather than on disconcerting extraneous details. Of course your background must offer contrast, too. Ylla assumes that you wouldn't expect a brown terrier to show up in the grass which photographs dark, any more than you'd think a white rabbit would photograph effectively against a white garage. And she also assumes that you'll try and catch your pet in action—eating, yawning, stretching,

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

playing. Take another look at her own photos on pages 14 and 15, and you'll understand the effectiveness of this rule.

Recently Ylla's fourth American book, "The Sleepy Little Lion," a picture story for younger children, with text by Margaret Wise Brown, was published by Harper's. What with the work on books, and printing and enlarging her own pictures, and more and more new assignments, she's a very busy young woman. But she loves every minute and calls her work "completely very good fun!"

"I would rather take pictures of animals than of all the glamour girls in Hollywood," she says. "Maybe that's because animals are just themselves and don't pretend. I can snap them the way they really are and not the way they *want* to look."

THE END

ANSWER

to Crossword Puzzle on page 40

S	L	O	P	E	R	I	P	S	S	A	G	A	
H	A	V	E	N	O	M	E	N	O	V	E	N	
O	V	E	R	T	S	P	R	E	A	D	I	N	G
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T	O	R	P	E	D	O	T	U	N	E	R		
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L	A	R	D	E	R	G	A	R	M	E	N	T	
U	R	N	R	O	D	L	O	P	O	R	E		
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U	S	E	L	E	S	S	D	I	E	T			
F	O	R	G	E	E	C	H	E	L	O	N		
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L	A	N	D	S	C	A	P	E	A	L	T	E	
O	T	T	O	I	T	E	R	P	I	E	C	E	
N	E	S	T	D	E	N	S	T	E	S	T	Y	

Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 16)

through the fairs of England, its original name faded. For in merrie England it was called the "roundabout," or the merry-go-round.

Through the teeming cities and tiny villages of Europe the carrousel won the hearts of young and old alike. News of its success spread to America, where the manufacturers of amusement devices pricked up their ears. Wouldn't the magic of the merry-go-round entrance the children of this country, too?

Michael Dentzel, founder of the Dentzel Corporation of Philadelphia, decided to find out. In 1814 he brought the first carrousel to this country from Germany, and it rode to immediate popularity. Steam power quickened its tempo; the hand-carved horses grew larger, more picturesque. Kerosene lamps illuminated their nighttime frolics. The carrousel was feeling its oats—and growing pains soon followed.

INVENTORS, casting ambitious eyes toward the carrousel, poured weird suggestions for its improvement into the United States Patent Office. The climax was reached one day in 1890 when a huge crowd stared in amazement at an oddly shaped amusement device making its first appearance at Coney

(Continued on page 49)

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says Nancy

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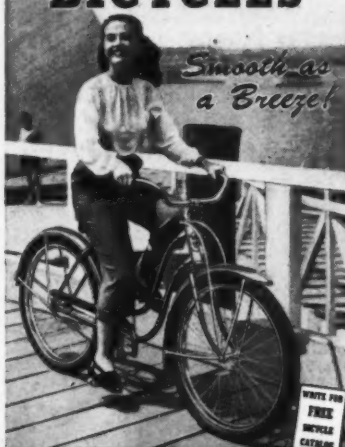
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Jokes

NO LIP READER

An American was seated opposite a nice old lady in the compartment of an English railroad car. For some time he chewed his gum in silence, then the old lady leaned forward and murmured, "It's so nice of you to try to make conversation, but I must tell you that I'm terribly deaf."

Sent by CHARLOTTE NESS, Simla, Colorado

ENOUGH SAID

NANCY: What has four legs but only one foot?

JANE: I give up.

NANCY: A bed.

Sent by CAROL CHRISTOFFERSEN, Ogema, Wisconsin

DILUTED

"You must be very fond of coffee," said the waiter to the customer who had just had his cup filled for the seventh time.

"Yes, indeed," answered the customer, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

Sent by MARY ANDERSON, Cambridge, Illinois

PRACTICAL

MOTHER: Why are you eating with your knife, John?

JOHN: Because my fork leaks.

Sent by JOYCE FAY HINES, Ruby, Louisiana

DEFINITE

UNCLE: Well, well! How do you like school?

NEPHEW: Closed.

Sent by ESTHER MAE HAUSER, Ilion, New York

PUSHED OUT

FIRST SOLOIST: Did you notice how my voice filled the hall tonight?

SECOND SOLOIST: Yes, dear. In fact, I noticed several people leaving to make room for it.

Sent by MARILYN KEARNS, Lakewood, New Jersey

SWEEPING STATEMENT

GUIDE: That is a skyscraper.

OLD LADY: Oh, my, I'd love to see it work.

Sent by MARILYN Y. HOLT, Smithfield, Ohio

PINNED DOWN

LADY (showing her dog to a little girl): He's just like one of the family.

LITTLE GIRL: Which one?

Sent by MARRAE VELLIQUETTE, Glendale, California

HIDDEN TALENT

MAN (in the hospital after breaking his arm): Nurse, will I be able to play the violin when I recover?

NURSE: Of course. Your injuries aren't serious.

MAN: That's funny. I never could play the violin before.

Sent by MARGARET MONDON, San Francisco, California

MINOR MALADY

PATIENT: That was a wonderful back treatment, Doctor. Was it my sacroiliac?

DOCTOR: No. Your suspenders were twisted.

Sent by ANN MARIE ELSTON, Bluffton, Indiana

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 135 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

LIFE WITH LIL

by Merrylen



"I did clean up my bedroom. Those stockings I'm going to wear tomorrow, that sweater has to go to the cleaners, the jeans on the bed belong to Helen, and I'm going to read the book that's on the chair tonight!"

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Merry-Go-Round

(Continued from page 47)

Island. The contraption was the world's first two-story merry-go-round!

It proved an overnight sensation, but as the days went by, a whopping failure. The stairs to the second story were too steep, making the loading and unloading of passengers awkward. And the small circumference of the top deck necessitated a very slow ride. Ugly and unlively, the expensive novelty was dismantled by its saddened inventors.

Amusement manufacturers wrote this off to experience, scratched their heads, and went into a huddle. Let's keep the carousel safe and gentle, they said, but add the rollicking thrill of a real horseback ride. But how? In 1894 the Frank C. Bostock Company, of England, came up with the answer. At Coney Island they erected for the first time a carousel with galloping horses. The new system used a revolving structure suspended from a central mast through the center of each horse, and the ride became a floating, galloping motion that has been developed to its present perfection.

This innovation had one other effect. Before this time, other animal figures had been mixed in with the wooden steeds. On the larger carousels lions, tigers, giraffes, cats, ostriches, and even pigs were not uncommon steeds. These figures more often frightened children than pleased them, and with the advent of the galloping horse, they have almost vanished, though some still do exist today.

THE largest merry-go-rounds in the world are found at Coney Island, which is also the home of the William P. Mangels carousel factory. Here, where Mr. Mangels has been building merry-go-rounds for children of all lands for over half a century, you can buy a small model for about \$10,000.00. But for a swanky, de luxe job complete with band organ and motor, be prepared to plunk down about four times that amount.

Today's carousel would surely amaze the old Parisian toymaker. Gone forever are his tiny, stolid horses. In their place whirls a glittering, streamlined product of the twentieth century. Encircled by paneled mirrors and neon lights, gay with chain mail and jewels, twin steeds gallop to exuberant music as they never did in the valleys of France and Germany.

And despite competition from the Tilt-A-Whirl or the Flying Turns, the carousel continues to delight the heart of childhood, as it has since the day nearly three centuries ago, when a toymaker whose name history has forgotten first placed a merry-go-round outside his shop.

THE END

Trinidad & Tobago: Picture stamps 1938 issue 5 cents. Ask for my fine one and two cent stamps. **H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Meirhoe Highlands, Mass.**

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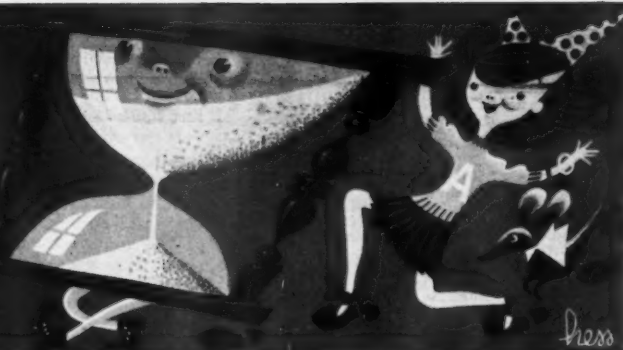
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In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Number 1 Hostess

How would you like to meet every famous royal prince and important diplomat who visits Washington?

There's one woman in our capital who does meet many of these people—and what's more, is responsible for seeing that they're comfortable during their stay. She's Mrs. Victoria Geaney, the country's number one hostess, the gracious woman who manages Blair House, the State Department's official residence for visiting celebrities.

When the war began and Washington became one of the most crowded and busy cities in the world, the State Department found that its important guests had as much trouble as John Doe in finding hotel accommodations. So the Department took over Blair House, a beautiful yellow stucco Georgian mansion which had been the unofficial meeting place of American officialdom since the days when it was owned by Francis Blair, who established the newspaper, "The Washington Globe" as a political mouthpiece for Andrew Jackson. His son, Montgomery Blair, was one of Abraham Lincoln's closest confidants, and many a famous name is closely tied to the history of the old Blair House. Thus the mansion is a fitting place for the State Department to entertain its visitors.

When the Government bought the place, it took over not only the many famous portraits, the furniture and cabinets full of beautiful old china, silver, and glass—but took over also Mrs. Geaney, who had managed the house for twenty years for the Blairs. Her first official guests after the Government bought the house were so delighted by her hospitality that she was asked to stay on indefinitely.

When a guest arrives, he notices first that the flag of his own country is flying from the middle window on the top floor. Mrs. Geaney simply goes to his embassy beforehand and asks to borrow the flag for the occasion.

She is calm and rather motherly with her famous guests. Once an enthusiastic admirer rushed up close to see General Eisenhower, and accidentally tripped him. Mrs. Geaney took the general inside and brushed him off.

"That," she told him calmly, "is what you get for being so famous."

Air Traffic

Most of the birds in the Northern Hemisphere are back from their winter homes now, and are busy building nests. The great migratory flights began in South and Central America, with the brightly colored

tropical birds. Bobolinks were among the earliest to begin their flight; then the kingbirds, vireos, and other birds started. As the flight reached northern South America and the West Indies region, the scarlet tanagers, dark-blue buntings, and wood warblers joined in. Wrens, robins, and catbirds became part of the throng from Florida. Eagles and loons rode the crest of the flood, and

them and electrocuting themselves.

It has been found that the increasing speed of modern planes is a factor for the safety of birds. The faster a plane flies, the stronger the airflow over the wings. Thus small birds often may be carried directly over the wings by the great rush of air. But the problem of airplane accidents to birds is still a great one, and is receiving the attention of scientists who want to preserve the lives of our feathered friends.

QUICKIE QUIZ

The answer to each of these questions contains mention of the parent whom we honor in June.

1. What was the nickname of our first President?
2. What man gained fame for standing on his head despite his advanced years?
3. What is the Mississippi River sometimes called?
4. Name: (A) a spider (B) a comic-strip character (C) a long-run Broadway play.

ANSWERS

1. Father of His Country.
2. Father William, in "Alice in Wonderland."
3. Father of Waters.
4. A. Daddy-long-legs. B. Popeye. C. "Life with Father."

song sparrows traveled nearest the earth.

But what happened to the birds on their way North? Did all have safe journeys?

The answer is no—for many man-made obstacles present serious hazards for the migrating songsters and every year the ranks of our feathered friends, en route North, are thinned by fatal accidents.

Any bird struck directly by an airplane is killed instantly, and there seems to be no way of planning air traffic to avoid the flocks, for birds fly at almost every altitude, and the migrations go on steadily for more than two months each spring and fall.

Birds often crash into the glass of lighthouses and tall buildings, too. Electric wires are another hazard, and an enormous number also are killed flying against automobile windshields.

To help save the lives of many of these birds, railings have been built around the lighthouse glass so that confused travelers will stop and perch. In the West, where eagles are common, special mechanical guards have been placed on electric power lines to keep the big birds from perching on

Eyes on Philadelphia

When you hear positive predictions on the outcome of the two political conventions in Philadelphia this month, take it with a grain of salt—because in over a century of conventions, half of the nominations came as a surprise to the public.

In this greatest of political spectacles—with its delegates, spectators, newspapermen, policemen, ushers, sergeants-at-arms; its flags, bunting, and microphones—almost anything can happen.

A political convention is not a body established by law, but a voluntary organization operating on procedure that has developed since 1832. Before that, candidates were nominated by mass meetings, State legislatures, or popular opinion.

Nowadays when the convention opens, the delegates, who are apportioned in much the same way as are members of Congress (two for each senator and each Congressional district) are polled alphabetically by State. In the first few test ballots, most delegates stick to their original convictions. Then the compromise begins, and the balloting goes on until one of the candidates has at least one more than fifty percent of the total vote.

At one convention—the meeting of the Democratic party in 1924—a total of 103 ballots were taken in the toughest nomination fight in history. The delegates were deadlocked for days between William McAdoo and Alfred E. Smith, and finally agreed on a "dark horse," or unexpected compromise candidate, John W. Davis.

Sometimes the spectators take over the convention. In 1940, at the Republican convention, the gallery started a chant, "We Want Willie," which lasted from the first rap of the gavel until Wendell Willkie received the nomination, while delegates took ballot after ballot favoring other candidates.

Whatever happens, the conventions will be worth watching for they will affect the history of America and the world, and our own lives, for years to come.

THE END



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